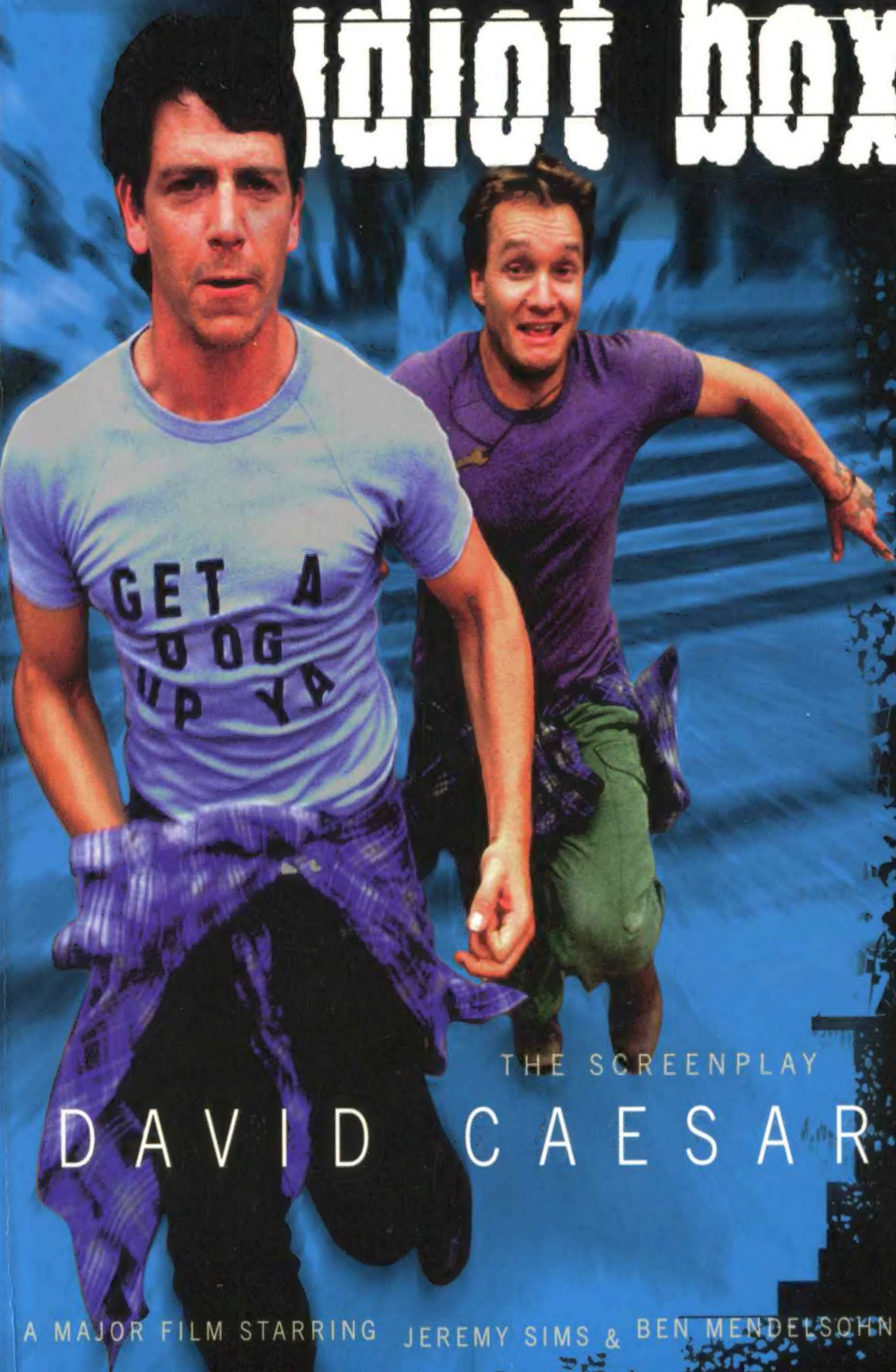


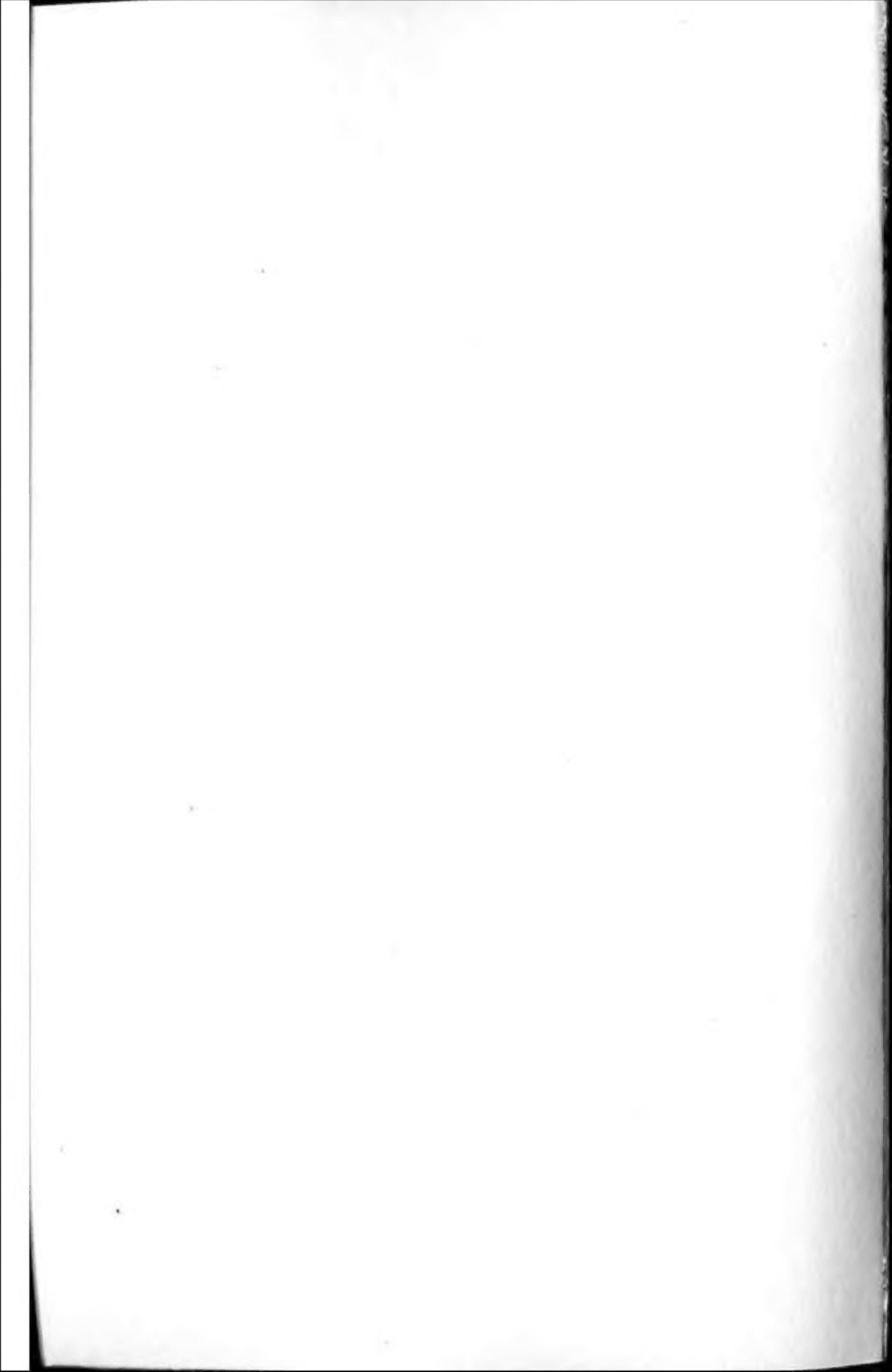
# idiot box



THE SCREENPLAY

DAVID CAESAR

A MAJOR FILM STARRING JEREMY SIMS & BEN MENDELSON



## IDIOT BOX

### The Screenplay

David Caesar was born in 1963 and grew up on a dairy farm on the south coast of New South Wales. He began making super-8 films while still at school, and later worked as a truck driver before graduating from the Australian Film Television and Radio School. His documentaries include *Shoppingtown*, *Living Room*, *Bodywork*, *Fences* and *Car Crash*. His first feature film *Greenkeeping* was released in 1992.

Caesar has made rock clips for Ed Kuepper, The Clouds and Falling Joys, and has also directed the ABC's *Bananas in Pyjamas*.

To Linda,

Hope you enjoyed  
your 40<sup>th</sup> more than  
the movie,

Love

Andy + Seona

Braden + Alicia .

XXXX

Handwritten text at the top of the page, appearing to be a list or index of names and dates, though the handwriting is very faint and difficult to decipher.

To Linda  
Hope you enjoyed  
your 40th  
The more  
love  
And a  
Brother & Sister  
Love

# idiot box

The Screenplay

DAVID CAESAR



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MELBOURNE AUSTRALIA



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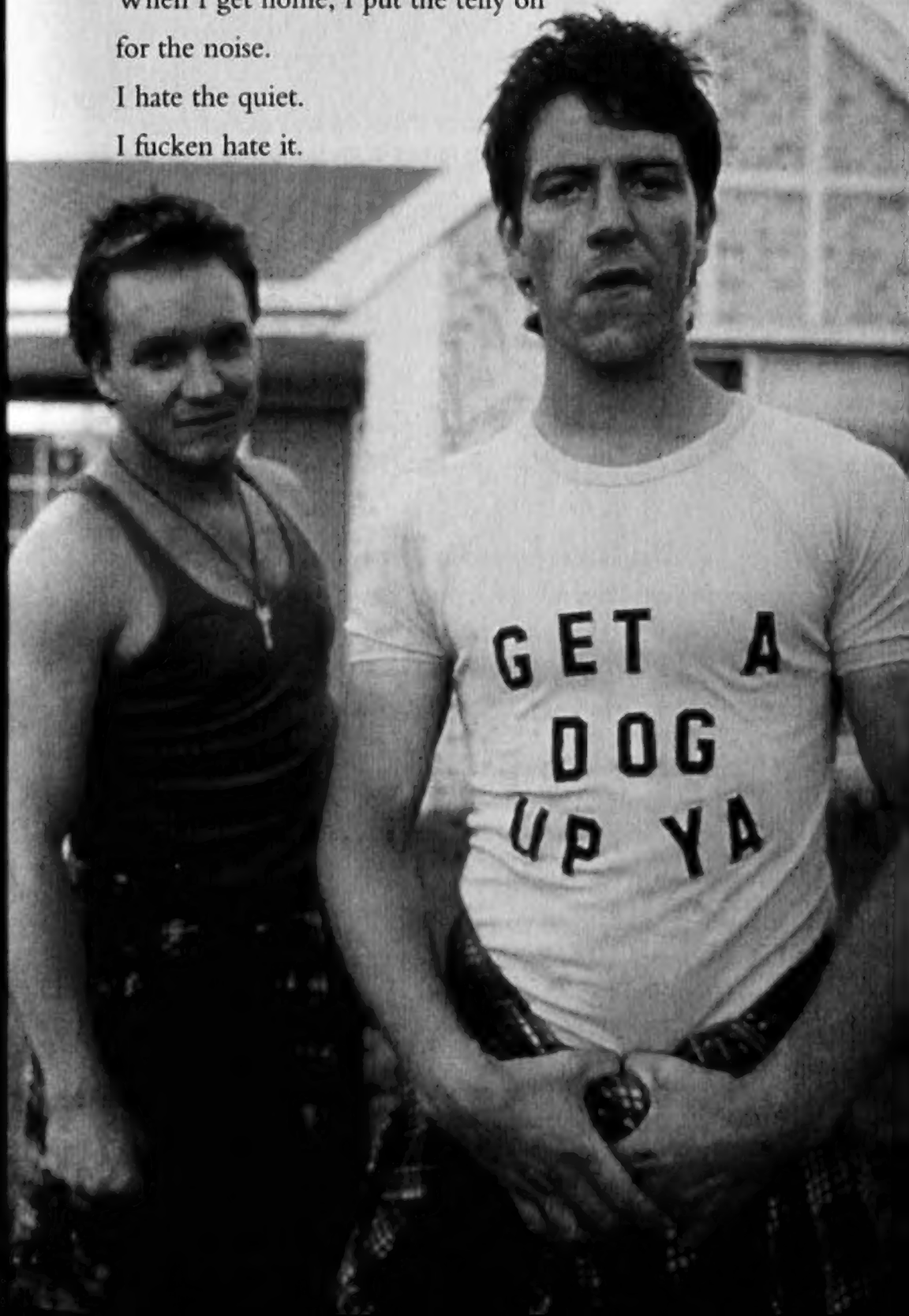
# QUIET

*A Poem by Michael Cameron*

When I get home, I put the telly on  
for the noise.

I hate the quiet.

I fucken hate it.



Words deleted from the original script of *Idiot Box* are indicated by a line through the text. Words added or revised in the production of the film are set within square brackets.



EXT. FREEWAY. NIGHT.

*A wide new freeway.*

*Close-up of unkempt grass, thick and tall along its edges, side-lit by headlights and shaken by the wind as cars roar past. The camera pans so that the headlights are now bearing down hard into the lens, rim-lighting the grass and roaring in, filling the screen with flare, then arcing away suddenly as the freeway turns.*

*From the grass beside the freeway, a young man, Mick, darts out in front of the traffic and is briefly silhouetted in front of the headlights but he makes it easily across the road.*

*Another young man, more cocky in his manner, Kev, stands up from the grass, then, not at a run but at a leisurely stroll, starts crossing the freeway, the headlights getting closer, becoming massive circles of yellow light behind him.*

*Then the lights flash brighter, the screen white except for Kev's measured step.*



*The car's horn starts screaming.*

DRIVER

Get off the road!

*Mick comes back to the side of the road, but Kev doesn't change his pace. Mick reaches out, grabs the front of Kev's shirt and drags him off the road just as the car, all lights and screaming horn, rushes past, its wind and their momentum knocking them over backwards into the grass.*

MICK

Christ!

*Kev puts his face into Mick's and screams into it. Then he starts laughing like a mad man.*

MICK

*(laughing)*

You mad bastard!

*Mick smiles in spite of himself.*

EXT. NEW WESTERN SUBURB. NIGHT.

*Title sequence, intercut with shots of Kev and Mick. We see them closer: they are in their early twenties, wear flannelette shirts over T-shirts, and both look like they have too much testosterone pumping through their veins, though Kev has the more energy of the two.*

*They run around the streets laughing, striking kung fu poses with each other, grabbing each other in headlocks, all set to an aggressive hard rock soundtrack.*

INT. KEV'S LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

*Later that night, Mick and Kev, drunk and slacking around Kev's lounge room, which is decorated in a sort of clean working-class aesthetic, with a vinyl lounge suite, and lots of brown.*

*Start on a close shot of some rugby league sporting trophies in a small cabinet. 'Kevin Madden' engraved on the gold plates. Pull focus to what looks like an American video of a group of men planning an armed robbery reflected in the glass of the cabinet.*

MICK  
(under breath)

God.

(off screen)

Didja see that?

*Cut to Kev jumping forward on the couch, Mick beside him.*

KEV

What?

MICK  
(laughs)

Idiot.

*Kev is jolted from a half slumber.*

KEV

Who?

*Cut to the television screen close-up of a door shutting.*

*Then a close-up of a woman's face, sixties make-up, shot from above her eyeline.*

MICK  
(*off screen*)

That bloke, doing that, what he did.

KEV  
(*frowns*)

Doing what?

MICK

Told his missus.

*Quick shot of woman's hand going for sixties-style phone.*

MICK  
(*off screen*)

He's fucked now.

KEV  
Oh yeah, and you'd know.

MICK  
Yeah...every fucken movie there's five things  
they do when they're robbing a bank.

KEV  
And you'd know.

MICK  
I fucken would. They tell their missus, or they  
fucken piss off some crim who goes to the  
cops. Or they don't have a proper plan. Or  
they get on the piss. Or they get all fucken  
emotional while it's happening.

*(holds his open hand up)*

Five!



KEV

You know why they get caught? 'Cause they're all fucked in the head...

*On the television a wide shot of the man looking around while walking across a seemingly deserted street towards a bank. Kev continues over—*

*(off screen)*

...that's why.

MICK

You'd do better?

*On the television, zoom in on a cop in American uniform against a wall, holding a pistol in his hand at head height, pointing upwards.*

KEV

*(off screen)*

Piss easy, mate. I mean, it's all about just getting in and getting out.



*Cut back to Mick.*

KEV  
(off screen)

Maximum fear, minimum time.

MICK  
Do it then.

KEV  
No. I'm not gunna do it just because you said  
to do it.

MICK  
(laughs)  
It's 'cause you're full of shit.

KEV  
(off screen)  
Mate, I would do it. I would.

MICK  
Go on, then.

KEV  
Well, I couldn't do it by meself, could I?

MICK  
I'd do it.

KEV  
Pig's arse!

MICK  
Why not?

*Cut to a series of short shots of a man in a suit shooting.*

EXT. NEW WESTERN SUBURB. DAY.

*Fade up onto a helicopter an overhead shot looking straight down at a new suburb waking up.*

*The cul-de-sacs and bare backyards rooftops create a graphic textural background as the words IDIOT BOX appear across the screen.*

*Low aggressive whistling, jovial music.*

EXT. KEV'S HOUSE/INT. TOILET. KITCHEN. DAY.

*Cut hard to the camera tracks in fast towards a new-looking nondescript brick house as Mum dressed in a uniform gets out of her car and goes inside.*

*Cut inside. Mum, yawning in the kitchen. She throws her bag and keys onto the table, switches the kettle on, then walks to the toilet. As she tries to open the door something inside is blocking it from opening.*

MUM

Shit! Kev!

*Overhead shot inside the toilet. Curled around the bowl is Mick. He wakes with a jolt, his hair sticking out at weird angles. He pulls his legs up like an overturned turtle, so the door will open.*

MICK

Sorry, Mrs Madden. Is it morning...is it?

MUM

Come on, move yourself.

*Mick pushes himself up, blinking long slow blinks.*

MICK

Sorry. Sorry.

*Kev turns up just in his undies.*

KEV

*(off screen)*

What?

MUM

*(off screen)*

Boofhead was asleep in the toilet again.

KEV

Yeah? And?

MUM

Well, he's your bloody mate!

*Kev follows Mick into the kitchen scratching his bum leg.*

KEV

No mate of mine.

*(sees Mick)*

What are you doin'?

*Mick is making a cup of tea.*

MICK

Oh, I thought I'd make your mum a cup of tea.

KEV

Why don't you go down on her while you're at it.

INT. A FLAT. DAY.

*Big close-up of shells being loaded into a shotgun by someone wearing a brown jacket.*

EXT. A BLOCK OF FLATS/STREET. DAY.

*Cut to a shot in mid-track around the back of an ordinary family sedan as the driver gets in. As we reach the other side a Man wearing a brown jacket and holding a shotgun against his leg gets in. Cut away while still tracking.*

EXT. KEV'S HOUSE/STREET. DAY.

*A suburban street of identical-looking houses.*

*We hear a door slam off screen, the camera whip-pans to Mick coming out of Kev's house, squinting at the sunlight. He heads off. The music is happy in a lumpy sort of way.*

EXT. BANK #1. DAY.

*Crane down exterior of bank building.*

CLERK

I'm not going any more. You go next time.

INT. BANK #1. DAY.

*Very wide static shot of the inside of a small suburban bank.*

*A Clerk is standing at the door through to the back of the bank where the tellers sit behind the counter. She is holding four small white bags and a couple of polystyrene cups.*

CLERK

Just get the door!



TELLER

All right, all right!

EXT. MICK'S HOUSE/STREET. DAY.

*Cut to a similar shot also in mid-track, in a driveway in a different, slightly more downmarket street, as a man in his mid-twenties, Terry, is putting a set of golf clubs into his tradesman's van.*

*Mick comes into the street, and walks up towards the same house.*

*The van is being backed out of the driveway by Terry, who leans out of the window.*

TERRY

Get a job, ya slack bastard!

MICK

While you're working on your handicap?

*Mick goes inside.*

~~INT. TAKE AWAY. DAY.~~

~~Quick cut to two not particularly healthy-looking plain-clothes coppers in their late thirties, Eric and Leanne, sitting in a small formica booth. The camera is tracking towards them, and they smile at it in slow motion. (Overcranked.)~~

~~INT. BANK #1. DAY.~~

~~The camera starts to track fast in towards the Clerk, gaining in speed.~~

CLERK

~~I'm not going any more, you go next time.~~

~~There is a buzzing sound as the door opens from behind and the Clerk grumpily fumbles her way through.~~

~~INT. TAKE AWAY. DAY.~~

~~Quick cut back to Eric and Leanne in the formica booth. Plates of food are placed in front of them.~~

INT. BANK #1. DAY.

From behind the bank counter we see the Clerk still fumbling her way through the buzzing door.

Bang! A man in a clown mask (and the brown jacket we saw previously), Laughing Boy, slams past her into the back, sending cappuccinos and vanilla slices flying.

LAUGHING BOY

Get down! Get down on the ground!



WOMAN  
(off screen)

What's happening?

LAUGHING BOY  
Don't fucken move!

WOMAN  
(screams)

LAUGHING BOY  
Get down! Don't touch anything! Down!  
Down!

*He swings his shotgun back and forth at everyone in the room.  
Crane down as the robbers leave the bank and exit left.*

~~INT. TAKE AWAY. DAY.~~

~~Back to Eric and Leanne. Leanne is talking into a mobile  
phone. She presses a button on it to hang up.~~

LEANNE  
~~Bastard.~~

ERIC  
~~Laughing Boy?~~

LEANNE  
~~Yeah, the prick.~~  
~~Leanne looks forlornly down at her steak sandwich.~~

LEANNE  
~~I was going to enjoy that.~~

ERIC  
~~Get 'em to put it in a bag.~~

LEANNE

~~Yeah, but it won't be the same eh? It won't be  
a meal any more, it'll be take-away, won't it.~~

~~She picks up the plate and starts to take it to the counter.~~

LEANNE

~~Why doesn't he get a proper job, goin' 'round  
robbin' banks, no future in it.~~

EXT. TV AERIAL MONTAGE. DAY.

*Montage of TV aerials, panning over them in various directions and dissolving between them. Sound montage of various news broadcasts about the bank robberies and Laughing Boy.*

EXT. BOTTLE SHOP. DUSK.

*It is early evening. Mick walks into a brightly lit bottle shop. Behind the counter is a young woman, Lani, who looks to be about twenty. She is reading a book.*

*Kev and Mick stand in front of her counting out their money, a crumpled plastic note and a handful of gold and silver coins.*

MICK

Where's Spiro?

*Lani shrugs.*

MICK

What will thirteen dollars eighty get us?

LANI

Of what?

KEV

Er...beer.

LANI

Local 750s are two fifty and 375s are a dollar forty.

MICK

Five long necks and a stubby.

KEV

Righto, VBs then.

MICK

Hey, why don't we get something else?

KEV

We always get Vitamin B.

MICK

Yeah, I know. Exactly. So, why don't we get something different?

KEV

What for?

MICK

For a change.

KEV

What for?

MICK

I don't know. For a change!

LANI

You just let me know when you've made up your mind, all right?



MICK

All right, we'll get the VBs.

KEV

No mate, if you want something else.

MICK

*(through clenched teeth)*

We'll get the VBs.

KEV

Aw okay! All right! Well, that's what I wanted to get in the first place.

*Lani hardly looks up. She marks the space in the book, and goes into the coolroom behind her and comes back with the beer. She slides the money into her cupped hand, opens the till and starts to count the coins in.*

MICK

Cheers.

KEV

*(mumbles)*

Righto.

MICK

We're ten cents short.

LANI

Oh, don't worry about it.

MICK

Ta.

*Mick nods and backs out.*

EXT. FLATS. NIGHT.

[EXT. flats and night sky.]

*Overhead shot of Luce, a woman in her late twenties dressed in a nurse's uniform, climbing some stairs past a fluoro light.*

INT. GREG'S LOUNGE/DINING ROOM NIGHT.

*An average-looking man in his thirties, Greg, is cleaning a sawn-off shotgun on newspapers at the kitchen table. On the kitchen bench behind him are a bowl of salad, plates and wine glasses.*

*The door opens, and Greg is excited to see Luce come through the door. She seems tired and harried.*

GREG  
(standing up)

Hi honey.

LUCE  
Go okay today?

GREG  
(going towards her)

Yeah, okay.

(laughs)

I put a roast on to celebrate.

LUCE  
You're just so good to me.

*She pushes him back onto the couch, sits on his lap facing him, a knee either side of his, puts her arms around his neck and softly kisses him. Behind them the television is on,*

*showing the news with scenes of people being shot, beaten up, etc.*

LUCE  
(whispers)

You're too good to me.

GREG  
Luce, wait until after dinner.

LUCE  
(whispers)

I've been thinking about it all day, just thinking about...getting home.

*Luce tries to kiss him again, but Greg pulls his head away, clearly not pleased.*

GREG  
Yeah, yeah, well, I cooked dinner. I—I just cooked dinner.

LUCE  
I know, I know, I know but...I really need it.  
(sighs)

I'll eat your dinner, I promise.

GREG  
Yeah, all right. Go on.  
*Luce is kissing him again. He is distant but resigned to it.*

LUCE  
But I want you to do it for me.

GREG

No, I'm not doing it. I hate doing it.

LUCE

*(whispers)*

Please, for me, please.

*[TV news on in the background—a report on the latest bank robbery by Laughing Boy.]*

EXT. DOG STREET NIGHT.

*Kev and Mick walk down the street, past a house with a high fence.*

KEV

I had to go to the doctor once 'cause of that.

*Kev hands the grog box to Mick.*

MICK

*(mumbles)*

What is it?

KEV

Got a red ring around it.

*Mick and Kev walk to the camera past a high fence.*

KEV

Couldn't get it off, you know?

MICK

It's a disease, mate.

*(laughs)*

KEV

No. He told me it was lipstick, mate.

*A dog barks as they pass by a house, giving them both a fright.*

KEV

You bastard!

*Mick starts to laugh, but Kev is really angry and runs to the cyclone-wire fence, bouncing off it with his weight. He barks back at the dog.*

KEV

Come on, you fuck!

*The dog starts to go crazy, eyes wide, mouth frothing.*

*Kev on the other side is doing the same, his open hands and forearms slapping at the wire, as he barks back at the dog.*

*The lights go on in the house, a man comes out the door.*

MAN

Hey! Wadya think you're doing?

KEV

Aw, go back to bed asshole!

MAN

I'll let it out and see how brave you are!

KEV

Yeah, go on, let it out, mate, and then see what happens to it!

MICK

Come on, let's just get out of here, eh?



KEV

No!

MAN

Who do you think you are!

KEV

Who do you think you fucken are!

MICK

Let's just drop it, will you?

KEV

We weren't doing nothing. We were walking down the street minding our own business and this fucken dog started barking at us!

MAN

*(turns inside)*

Yeah, call the police.

KEV

Yeah, go on, call the police, see what happens then!

MICK

Kev...Kev...just fucken go, will ya?

KEV

Yeah, all right!

*Mick grabs Kev by the arm and they run off. Some streets later they stop and try to catch their breath.*

MICK

You're fucken mad.

KEV

What?

MICK

You know...mad! Crazy in the fucken head!  
What did you have to get so angry for?

KEV

What angry?

MICK

Angry, angry. Why?

KEV

Why?

*(shrugs)*

'Cause I like it, I like being angry, that's why.  
I enjoy it.

MICK

Why don't you get a hobby?

KEV

*(shrugs)*

Is me hobby.

*They wander off up the street with the beer.*

INT. GREG'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

*Inside Greg and Luce's flat, the camera is looking through the open door into their small fluoro white bathroom.*

*Greg is holding a disposable syringe with just his thumb and forefinger.*

*Luce is sitting on the toilet-seat side of the bath, watching him, her eyes wide in anticipation and a sort of revulsion. She nods, pulls tighter on the rubber tourniquet on her arm, and looks away.*

*Greg leans forward and puts the sharp of the needle to the soft inside of her elbow.*

*Luce blinks as the point enters her skin. She seems not to have any other reaction, and sits there as Greg wraps the used needle and puts away the other paraphernalia. Then in a casual and well-practised motion she stands and lifts the toilet seat, the tourniquet still hanging from her arm. She slowly crouches down and vomits into the bowl. Gradually she stands, puts the lid down, and flushes the toilet.*

*A string of stained bile hangs from her shiny lips. Her eyes are only slightly affected. Greg takes up a face washer and wipes her mouth. Luce smiles at the intimacy of the gesture.*



LUCE  
(softly)

I'll eat dinner, I promise.

*Greg throws the towel down hard and walks out of the room.*

INT. KEV'S LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

BETTY  
I've seen that. What did you get that for?

MICK  
Well, we thought you'd seen it, so we got it  
to give you the shits.

BETTY  
(off screen)

Piss off!

*Mick and a girl Betty are sitting around the lounge room.  
Betty is holding a video cassette box. There's yelling, Kev's  
voice and Mum's, coming from the kitchen.*

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

*Mum is getting her stuff together for work. Kev is looking  
sheepish standing nearby.*

KEV  
'Cause I said so.

MUM  
You always say so. They still cruise in here  
like they own the bloody place.

KEV  
Yeah, I know.

INT. KEV'S LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

MICK

How was I supposed to know you've seen it?

BETTY

Everybody's seen it.

INT. KEV'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

*Mum walks out of the kitchen as Kev watches.*

MUM

I'm sick of it. I mean, what are we here—a fucken hotel?

INT. KEV'S LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

*Mick motions with his head to the yelling in the kitchen.*

MICK

What's that all about?

BETTY

His mum, she's an old bitch. I dunno why he just doesn't move out of home. He's too old to be living with his mum.

*Kev comes through the door.*

KEV

Yeah, I fucken heard that. You just want me to get a place with you, don't you? Shift 'em!

BETTY

I never said I did.

KEV

Yeah, but you do, but.

BETTY

Piss off.

MICK

Are we gunna watch this video or what?

BETTY

I've already seen it.

KEV

*(to Betty)*

And why do you think anything you say makes any difference?

*(back to Mick)*

Have you seen it, Mick?

*Mick shrugs.*

BETTY

What are you asking him for?

KEV

Shut up, Betty!

BETTY

What? He's an expert on everything, is he?

MICK

Ah Bet, I wrote a poem about ya.

You are an idiot.

You are a bitch.

You shit me to tears.

And I'm goin' down the pub.

*He stands, drains his stubby and goes to the door.*

BETTY

*(bored)*

Is the pub bit part of the poem?

KEV

She'll shut up, mate.

BETTY

That's unlikely.

MICK

*(winks)*

I'll leave you to it.

*He heads off. Kev fixes Betty with a nasty look.*

KEV

Are you fucken spastic in the head? Like are serious parts of your fucken brain missing, or what?

INT. GREG'S LOUNGE/DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

*A slow track backwards from a golden roasted leg of lamb and steaming bowls of vegetables on the table. [Slow track from Luce's face to Greg's face.] As it widens we see Greg and Luce are on either side of the table. Greg is stoically eating his meal, Luce is sitting in front of hers, holding a fork with meat on it. Greg is trying to ignore her as she slowly melts into her plate and jolts as she straightens herself again.*

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

*Mick walks along the top of a hill.*

INT. PUB. NIGHT.

*Mick walks into the pub then towards the bar. The Barmaid is sitting on a tall stool at the end of the bar. She has a long drag on her cigarette, then props it in the ashtray, fixing a smile on her face as she comes over to Mick. He recognises an old drunk, Georgie, at the bar.*

MICK

Hey there, Georgie. How are you?

GEORGIE

Uhh.

MICK

Give us a beer and a packet of chips.

BARMAID

What's your fancy?

MICK

Ah, schooner of black, salt and vinegar.

*She nods, gets a glass from a big tray, and starts to fill it at the taps.*

BARMAID

You got a poem for us, Mick?

*She reaches over, gets a packet of chips from a rack, tosses it to him and then goes back to the filling glass.*

MICK

Yeah, all right. It's called 'Hope'.



BARMAID

Yeah.

MICK

Every second Thursday they pay  
the dole into my bank account.  
So I go down the teller machine  
and hope I can remember  
my pin number.

BARMAID

Is that it?

*Mick shrugs and drinks.*

BARMAID

Poems are about flowers and sunsets and shit  
like that. You can't have a poem about being  
on the dole.

*Mick shrugs again.*

MICK

Right, sorry.

BARMAID

*(laughs)*

It's all right.

*The Barmaid changes the channel. There is a news report on the television, black and white security-camera footage of an armed robber wearing a clown mask who has just notched up his latest in a list of successful bank robberies.*

INT. KEV'S LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

*Big close-up on Kev's face as he grunts like an animal. His face screwed up, he turns at the sound of the news report on the robberies, and as he sits back we realise he is between Betty's legs on the couch. He grabs one of her legs and turns her like a turtle on its back, so that they are both facing the television. [TV news with report on another Laughing Boy bank robbery.]*

*Smiling at the screen, Kev rearranges himself, does up his fly and reaches for the remote control.*

KEV

Eh! Look at this bloke, he's a legend!

*Betty thumps Kev on the arm.*

KEV

What?

BETTY

I've had a longer piss than that.

EXT. PUB. NIGHT.

*Mick leaves the pub and goes past the bottle shop. Lani yells at him.*

LANI

Hey!

*Mick stops.*

LANI

You got that ten cents?

*Mick thinks for a minute, comes over and fishes in his pockets. He smiles apologetically as he finds them empty.*

LANI

It doesn't matter.

MICK

You don't want it?

*Lani shakes her head.*

MICK

What do you reckon a poem is?

LANI

A poem?

MICK

Yeah. How would you explain what one was?

LANI

I dunno.

*(she shrugs)*

When something rhymes?

MICK

*(laughs)*

I reckon if you say something's a poem, then it is.

LANI

Anything?

MICK

Yeah! Yeah, you just say, 'This is a poem.'  
Then it is.

LANI

But what if it's bad?

MICK

Then it's a bad poem.

LANI

Well, I think that if you say something's a poem and you didn't mean it to be, then you're a wanker.

MICK

*(laughs)*

Do you reckon?

LANI

Mmm hmm.

MICK

*(nods)*

I'll get you the money.

*(pauses)*

What's your name?

LANI

Lani.

MICK

I'm Mick.

*Lani smiles and nods as Mick retreats into the night. Soon after, a young man in his late teens, Arri, walks in.*

ARRI

Who's that?



LANI

What're you doing here?

ARRI

Who was he?

LANI

What's it to you?

ARRI

Dad said I've got to look after ya, keep an eye on ya.

LANI

Well, you can go home and tell Dad that I can look after myself.

*Arri shrugs and exits right.*

INT. BANK #1. DAY.

*In the small suburban bank. The cop Leanne is at the teller bench with the other cop Eric. A daggy-looking Crime Scene Cop is dusting for fingerprints around them.*

ERIC

The MO's always the same.

VOICE

*(background)*

Have forensic got anything?

ERIC

Quiet suburban branch.

LEANNE

Mmm.

ERIC

Never more than two tellers. Street frontage, never in a shopping centre. And always on Thursday morning after the money for the pensioners' pay-out comes in.

LEANNE

Six weeks apart.

ERIC

Yeah. Can't be too many more left like this.

LEANNE

*(smiles)*

We're gunna get this bastard.

EXT. KEV'S KITCHEN NIGHT.

*The next night. Through the kitchen window we see Mum watching television on a small portable. Mick comes out of the toilet and passes her. She doesn't look up.*

*[Peter Couchman TV show on in the background:]*

WOMAN

(on TV)

We're saying it's fun, it's exciting, entertain yourself with violence...so, if they watch violent cartoons, if they watch violent drama, if they watch a lot of violent news, they still act in a more violent way.

(TV Woman as FX under sync dialogue)]

MICK

What are you watching, Mrs M?

MUM

A show about you and Kev, the young and the bloody useless.

*Mick grins as he moves through the house to the lounge room, and goes inside.*

INT. KEV'S LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

*Mick and Kev, drunk, revved up and jumping around the lounge room to a very loud and fast rock song. They are both miming guitars.*

KEV

What are you doing?

MICK

What? I'm playing bass.

KEV

~~You can't play bass.~~ I'm playing bass!

MICK

~~I'm playing bass!~~ You're not playing bass.  
You're just fucken playing your dick.

KEV

~~I am!~~

*Kev shrugs, then pushes Mick over and keeps running around the room, jumping off the couch, over Mick laughing, and still miming the bass.*

#### EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE. NIGHT.

*The music from the previous scene continues as Mick and Kev, with a few shoves and fake punches, make their way through the open car park of a large shopping centre.*

#### INT. SHOPPING CENTRE NIGHT.

*Mick and Kev standing in the queue of a fast food place (McDonald's, KFC type). Kev is motioning with his head at the girl in front of him, turning to Mick and raising his eyebrows. ~~Mick puts his hand over his face and shakes his head.~~ [Mick slaps Kev as he tries to look up the girl's dress. Kev sniffs at the girl's hair and she turns around angrily.] Kev laughs.*

*The music continues.*

#### INT. SHOPPING CENTRE. NIGHT.

*[Kev and Mick play-fight their way through an arcade entrance.] A series of shots inside a video-game arcade in the shopping centre (shot long lens from outside the arcade).*

*We see Kev in a racing car simulator, then ~~playing a Mortal~~*



*Kombat-type game, and finally shooting it out with a big screen gun game (Virtua cop). Kev is getting overwrought and yelling at the screen with an American accent.*

KEV

~~Choo wan some? Oh? Choo wan some too?~~  
~~How 'bout choo bitch, choo wan some?~~

Fuckwits! Fuck you! Don't fuck with me, fuck! Fuck it! Do you fucken hear me? Do you think you're fucken gunna get me? I'll fuck you! And I'll fuck you. I'll fucken get you back! Fuck you! Fuck. Bang! Now I've a got a shotgun, bitch! What are you going to do now? I'll fuck you up! I'll fuck you all you fucken bastards. I'll fuck you whenever I want! Get out of my fucken way! Shit! Fuck!

*A series of quick shots of the people being hit exploding in shards of pink on the screen, very grainy and saturated colours, cutting back to Kev's head from below and above, the gun hard foreground, etc.*

~~Finally an electronic bullet hole appears in the screen and electronic blood flows down it as though Kev has been shot.~~

INT. BIG POLICE STATION. DAY.

[EXT. Police building, tilt down past windows and then through to] Leanne standing with Eric looking at a large map of the city on the wall.

ERIC

All right, what have we got. Ah, Blainy Street, Strathfield.

*Leanne sticks a coloured pin into the map.*

LEANNE

Station Street, Hornsby.

*Leanne sticks a pin in the map, a flash cut of the bank at that address.*

ERIC

City Road, Rooty Hill. City Road, Rooty Hill.

*Eric puts a pin in the map, a flash cut of this different bank at this different address.*

LEANNE

Highgate Street, Maroubra. Ryde.

*Leanne puts a pin in the map, a flash of this bank.*

ERIC

Wyndora Parade, Dee Why. Petersham.

*The instant the point of the pin enters the map, we see the bank.*

LEANNE

Queen Street, St Marys.

*Again the flash of the bank at this address, and then followed by the flash of a bank teller's eyes opening, and the sound of an indrawn breath.*

ERIC

Er...Market Street, Cronulla.

*Again the pin. A bank. A bank teller's eyes, turning. Then a shot of a clown mask. Zoom in. The hand chooses a pin*

*from the bowl. The shots on the two police, on the pins and on the map are gradually getting closer. The cops are talking louder and faster.*

LEANNE

Elizabeth, Rosebery. Girraween.

*The pin, the bank, the face, the mask, and now the barrels of a shotgun.*

[LAUGHING BOY

Don't fucken move!]

*Fingers grapple in a clear dish among the coloured pins.*

ERIC

Anzac...

*(hand traces path across map)*

...Hurstville.

*The pin, a bank, the bank teller's face, the mask, the gun.*

LEANNE

Forest, Baulkham Hills.

*The pin, the bank, the bank teller's face, the mask, the gun.*

ERIC

Canterbury Road, Punchbowl.

*The pin, the bank, the face, the mask, the gun, then a shot from outside of Laughing Boy fleeing through glass doors.*

*Cut to a wider shot of the cops and the map. Coloured pins are spread evenly over the map's surface, except for a small area in the south west.*

LEANNE

Well, the bastard gets around a bit.

ERIC

What's that tell you?

LEANNE

Got a good car?

ERIC

He's done everywhere, except down here.

*Cut to an exterior shot of the police building. We are looking in through the window.*

*Eric points down to the empty space in the south western suburbs.*

ERIC

Either he stops, or he's going down here, there's nowhere else to go.

*The camera pans away to the right, and looks out at the western suburbs. [Aerial shopping centre and major roads.]*

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE. DAY.

*A very low angle shot of Kev (the ceiling the only background). The shot is tracking around him clockwise as he turns slowly on the spot in the other direction. He is looking at people whom we can't see.*

KEV

Dog, dog, dog, punk. Dog, punk, dog, dog, punk.

*Kev stops turning when he sees Mick gliding slowly down the escalator.*

Aw, hello. Here's trouble.

*As Mick arrives we see that behind Kev is a wall of televisions in an electronics store, all showing the same image.*

KEV

*(motions with chin)*

See that?

*Mick nods, looks around a bit.*

I'd fuck her.

MICK

You'd fuck anything.

*Kev first makes a fist as though he is going to punch Mick.*

KEV

Wouldn't fuck you.

*Open-handed, Kev whacks Mick on the back.*

Fancy a beer then?

MICK

Aw mate, the finances are a little bit strained at the moment.

*Kev motions with his chin to a big person dressed in a Koala suit collecting money with an orange bucket. Kev raises his eyebrows to Mick.*

KEV

I'll show you a trick. Come on.

MICK

What?

*Mick scrunches up his face. Kev makes beer-drinking*

*motions with his hand. [Kev headlocks Mick and drags him out of frame.]*

*They walk nonchalantly towards the Koala. As they get closer they split in two. Mick goes past on one side, bumping into the Koala so he is off balance, then Kev grabs the bucket, and they're both off, laughing as they run through the shopping centre, up the escalators and out through the big doors at the front.*

#### **EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE/STREET/PARK. DAY.**

*Mick and Kev stand hunched over outside the doors, laughing as they get their breath back. They turn their heads to a slapping sound and see the Koala running full pelt at them. Kev and Mick are off running again, busting their guts, up the street, but the Koala is close behind, its slapping feet only a couple of metres away and seeming to get closer. Kev splits off and heads for the park. Mick keeps on the street. The Koala goes after Kev.*

*They do some cat-and-mouse stuff as they zigzag through [the cemetery and] scraggly gum trees. Kev can't get away, mainly because he seems to be having a great time, grinning like an idiot.*

*Mick watches from the roadway, unsure whether to run away or not. Against his better judgment he goes in to help Kev out. He runs into the park and at the Koala who sees him at the last minute and absorbs the impact of Mick's run. Mick loses balance. The Koala keeps after Kev, but Mick grabs his baggy suit. The Koala stops full in his tracks and swings around, all his weight behind a grey furry fist that he slams into Mick's guts, knocking the wind out of him.*



*Mick falls to the ground clutching at himself.*

*The Koala looks around for Kev, but he has gone and the Koala walks in circles, his arms stuck out from his body like an ape. In frustration he walks up to Mick and kicks him while he's on the ground and walks off.*

*Mick lies moaning on the ground, trying to get some breath back into his empty lungs. A grinning Kev comes out from behind some bushes, giggling as he walks up to Mick.*

*He plops himself down on the ground next to Mick who has begun to stop wheezing.*

*Kev smiles at him as he pulls off a small padlock, and then the lid of the plastic bucket, but the smile disappears from his face as he looks inside.*

KEV

~~Will you look at that.~~

*Kev shakes his head as Mick looks in at the meagre handful of change inside.*

KEV

(serious)

People are stingy, eh?

[MICK

Shit!

*Mick gets to his feet and stumbles away, left.]*

INT. PUB. DAY.

*Mick is dirty, sweaty, and in a dark mood, crouched over the bar next to Kev.*



*A couple of icy schooner glasses with rich brown beer and a creamy head are put in front of them.*

KEV  
(laughs)

Aw, what's wrong, mate? You a bit sulky in the old head?

MICK  
How come I always have to get you out of the shit?

*Kev takes on a look of supreme sorrow.*

KEV  
~~I know, mate, I know.~~ Yeah, you—you saved me life, mate. I'm not going to forget that.

MICK  
What for? A couple of bucks in change.

KEV  
You're a legend, mate.

MICK  
Yeah righto.

KEV  
You're Skippy the bush kangaroo.

*(whistles whip bird call)*

MICK  
Shut up!

KEV  
Do you want some money?

MICK

Don't start talking shit.

KEV

We'll get it from the bank.

MICK

Yeah, you're talking shit.

KEV

You said five rules, it'd be easy.

MICK

You're talking shit.

KEV

Nuh, I'm not. I'm serious. [It'd be easy.] Let's do it. We'll piss it in. [We'll piss it in.]

*Mick shrugs and knocks half his beer back. Kev frowns slyly.*

INT./EXT. CAR. DAY.

*Overhead shot of a road. A new family sedan drives through the frame.*

*Cut to inside the car. Leanne and Eric are driving down the freeway.*

LEANNE

Well, if it isn't the asshole of the universe, you can smell it from here.

*Cut to long lens shot outside showing the car driving between the new houses on the estate with their raw hardwood fences and bare yards.*

LEANNE  
(off screen)

You Know what we are?

ERIC  
(off screen)

Nah, what?

LEANNE  
(off screen)

We're the shit paper.

*(she laughs at her joke)*

That's what we are.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

*Mick walks along to the Department of Social Security office, a small building among a row of seventies-style shops, half with 'Closing Down Sale' or 'For Lease' signs across the windows. He goes inside.*

INT. DSS. DAY.

*Mick is standing in a long queue with other young men and women. They all have an empty, detached look in their eyes. Eventually Mick gets to the counter. A bored DSS Woman, not much older than Mick, takes his form.*

DSS WOMAN

Michael Cameron?

MICK

Is that what it says on me form?

DSS WOMAN

*(ignores him)*

You're due for an assessment, take this to the CES. Next.

*Mick seems to hunch over a bit more and goes for the door.*

[EXT. SMALL POLICE STATION. DAY.

*Wide shot of a police car as it turns into parking lot.]*

INT. SMALL POLICE STATION. DAY.

*Leanne and Eric come into a small police station. The uniformed Sergeant looks up and grins.*

SERGEANT

Aw, look out! Here come the star performers!

LEANNE

T'riffic place you've got here.

*[The Sergeant opens the door to the main office for Eric and Leanne.]*

SERGEANT

Yeah, we like it.

*He motions the Constable to the front desk with his head.*

SERGEANT

Kerry! If it's not too much trouble.

LEANNE

~~And it's a pleasure to be working with the real backbone of the force.~~

~~The Sergeant grins as they go through to the back and a small office.~~

ERIC

How's young Jason? He doing all right?

SERGEANT

You know, a day at a time, Julie's taking it hard, she spends most days down the hospital.

ERIC

All the boys down the squad are thinking about yez.

SERGEANT

Thanks.

*(there is an embarrassed silence for a moment)*

So what's the drum on this bloke, is he a junkie?

ERIC

Yeah, it sort of fits, but this bloke's different, I think he's smart.

SERGEANT

Is he a pro?

LEANNE

*(shakes her head)*

No...the take's too small.

SERGEANT

Ah well, we haven't been able to come up with much. But ah...we are going to do a guy called Colin Shehan. He's got a...a little speed set-up going. You know, he's pretty small, but he does tend to know what's goin' on around here. And...well, he might dog for ya.

*Leanne nods.*

EXT. BANK #2. STREET. DAY.

*Mick comes out of the DSS. He goes to the bus stop, sits down stands and waits. He looks across the street at the small suburban bank. A bus comes along eventually and he gets on.*

EXT. STREET. DAY.

~~*Mick gets off the bus into a different street, then walks along it to the Commonwealth Employment Service office, a newish pastel pink and grey building, bigger than the DSS. Mick goes inside.*~~

EXT. BANK #2. STREET. DAY.

*Across the road from the bank, Leanne, Eric and the Sergeant stand like the front row of a scrum.*

SERGEANT

Well it's the only one that's got the layout you're after, fits your MO and does most of the dole cheques payments.

ERIC

Nice, quiet [suburban] street, looks like our boy [for sure].

[EXT. CES. DAY.

*Mick crosses the road to the CES as the bus exits left.]*

INT. CES. DAY.

*Mick is at a desk with a CES Man not much older than himself.*

CES MAN

(dry)

Under special skills you've got poet.

MICK

Yeah.

*CES Man looks at Mick for a moment before going on.*

CES MAN

How many interviews have you had?

MICK

None.

CES MAN

But you put in applications?

MICK

Yeah.

CES MAN

But you didn't get any interviews?

MICK

Nuh.

CES MAN

All right.

MICK

I can go?

CES MAN

Yeah.

*Mick gets up and leaves. A young woman about the same age as him takes his place at the desk.*

INT. BOTTLE SHOP. NIGHT.

*Kev and Mick at the bottle shop, counting out money, reaching deep in their pockets for coins and crumpled plastic notes.*

LANI

How much have you got?

MICK

Aw, we're rolling in it today, sixteen dollars...twenty cents.

LANI

Six 750s and a stubby?

MICK

Yep.

KEV

VBs.

*Kev steals packet of chips and walks back to Mick who turns to the counter.*

*Lani shrugs, slowly goes into the coolroom, gets the bottles and hands the beer over.*

MICK

Ta, we're twenty cents short.

*Lani takes the money, puts it in the till and goes back to reading her book.*



LANI

Don't worry about it.

MICK

~~Now I owe you thirty cents.~~

LANI

*(smiles)*

~~It's all right.~~

*She doesn't look up from the book.*

*Kev grins, looks away.*

MICK

What are you doing Saturday?

LANI

What?

MICK

I'll have some money by Saturday. Ah, I could pay you back.

LANI

Thirty cents?

MICK

I always pay me way. Can I call you here?

*Lani looks up from her book at Mick. She shrugs.*

LANI

Yeah, all right.

*As they walk away, Kev elbows Mick and makes a hissing sound while pulling a face [and laughs].*

*Mick seems a bit embarrassed.*

KEV

Ah, you're fucked!

EXT. GOLF CLUB. STREET. NIGHT.

*Mick and Kev are walking past the car park of a golf club.  
Mick is carrying the box of beers.*

KEV

Yeah...you're [fucken] smooth, mate. 'I still owe ya thirty cents.'

MICK

*(laughs)*

Ah, it's nuthen you'd know anything about, mate.

KEV

You wish.

MICK

That's just it, mate, I don't have to.

*Kev notices Terry's van in the car park. He elbows Mick and motions to the car park with his chin.*

*Mick shrugs and grins.*

[MICK

What?

KEV

Isn't that your brother's van?

MICK

Yeah.

KEV

Show you a trick.]

*They go along the road a distance, hide the box in some bushes, then go back towards the car park.*

KEV

Come on. Come on.

MICK

Just shut up, mate.

*Crouched low, they move between the rows of cars, and watch the Bouncers inside the club.*

*Then simultaneously they start to run among the vehicles, leaning heavily on the bonnets of the expensive-looking cars and tradesmen's vans and utes, setting their alarms off. They run past each other, laughing, trying to get to as many cars as possible. The car park is a sea of flashing orange lights and honking or screaming alarm systems.*

*The Bouncers just inside the front doors don't know what is going on. Dressed-up patrons rush to the doors and, with the Bouncers, come down the front steps.*

*Mick starts running, laughing his guts out.*

[BOUNCER

What?

KEV

Fuck youse, you rich cunts!

BOUNCER

What's going on?

KEV

Fuck you, youse rich cunts!

BOUNCER

Hey! Hey, what do you think you're doing?]

*Kev is dancing among the cars, giving the club the finger with both of his hands. Melancholy string music swells.*

*A series of slow-motion shots of Kev spinning, his head back, eyes shut, an expression of ecstasy on his face, and singing along with the alarms, though we can hear neither him nor the alarms.*

KEV

~~Fuck you, youse rich cunts! Fuck you, youse rich cunts! Fuck you, youse rich cunts!~~

*Mick stops at the outside of the car park, as the Bouncers close in on Kev.*

MICK

~~What are you doing! [Come on!]~~

*Kev suddenly realises the situation he is in and starts running. The Bouncers are too fat to keep up.*



*Mick and Kev grab the beers and keep going, then run off into a park to catch their breath, more from laughing than running.*

MICK

[Jesus,] are you born stupid or is it from getting smacked in the head?

KEV

Aw good on ya Skip. You saved me again!

*Kev whistles the whip bird call to 'Skippy'.*

MICK

~~Wanker.~~

*They breathe heavily as they run down the half-lit streets.  
[Kev sings the melody of the theme song of 'Skippy'.]*

EXT. FREEWAY. NIGHT.

*Closer to home, Mick and Kev stop [on an overpass] above the freeway. Lots of cars going to and fro. They are both silent for a long time while they watch.*

MICK

Where do you reckon they're going?

KEV

*(shrugs)*

Fuck 'em.

*He watches for a moment longer, then moves off. Mick follows.*

INT. KEV'S LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

*Later. [EXT. Kev's house, lights are on.]*

*Empty bottles litter the coffee table. The boys are slumped around the room. There are sounds from the television of tyres screeching and guns shooting.*

MICK

All right, so what's the plan, boss?

KEV

Well, how about we go in, take the money off them and then we piss off?

MICK

That's good. That's a good plan!

*Mick nods, half-bored.*

*Kev suddenly jumps up off the couch, and as he talks he jumps around, acting out the 'Plan'.*

KEV

[Listen. Watch.] We go over the counter. [All right? I go over the counter.]

~~*He jumps up onto the top of the couch, balancing like a surfer.*~~

*[Kev runs over the couch and turns back to Mick, then runs into the next room and back, and jumps over the couch.]*

I'm over it. I go into the vault, I grab the money off 'em, I come back over the counter. We'll do a runner, it's piss easy.

MICK

Security guard?

KEV

Well, we'll get a gun.

MICK

Screen things?

KEV

Hey?

MICK

Screen things. You know, they fucken—boomph—they pop up, they crushed those blokes last year. Screen things!

KEV

(impatient)

Well, if you're the fucken expert then you tell me.

*There is a pause while Mick thinks.*

INT. KEV'S LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

*They are still half-pissed standing around the lounge room. The couch has been dragged out into the middle of the room. Mick has an old school case.*

*There is a lot of cops-and-robbers-style acting going on as Mick tries to swing the bag up onto the couch and Kev tries to jump up on its edge and falls back onto Mick.*

*A series of time jumps as they try over and over, each time getting it wrong, falling one way or the other, swearing and laughing as they hit the wall or each other.*

*Kev has a toilet brush and is holding it like a gun.*

MICK

Ready? [Look here, I've got you a gun.

KEV

Get off!

MICK

I've got you a gun!

KEV

It's a dunny brush!

MICK

It's not a dunny brush, it's a gun!

*Mick points the toilet brush at Kev.*

KEV

Mate, keep that shitty end away from me.

MICK

It's a gun!

KEV

It's a gun.

MICK

It's a gun.

KEV

Bang, bang.

*Kev watches while Mick demonstrates with the case.*

MICK

And then you go over the top, go out the back with the gun.



KEV

Yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah. I know how to rob a bank.

MICK

Grab the money and come out over the top.  
Yeah, all right.

*Mick puts the bag on the couch end as Kev jumps over and hurts himself.*

Now!

*Mick swigs from bottle.*

KEV

Ah, ow, got it right in the nuts. Don't drink and rob! Don't drink and rob!

MICK

Ya ready? Ya ready? Go!

KEV

I'm gunna get you!

MICK

Straight over.

*Kev falls backwards over the couch.*

KEV

Ah...fuck!

MICK

Go! Aw mate, that was poetry in fucken motion!

KEV

Well, if I didn't have a dunny brush, I'd shoot 'em!

*(laughs)*

*Mick laughs as Kev demonstrates with the toilet brush.*

Put it down or we'll fart all over you!]

~~Kev nods.~~

MICK

Go! [Straight over it! Straight out the back! Get the money! Straight over the back. I'm holding it. Straight out the front. Where's the car?] ~~Who's in the car?~~

KEV

What car?

MICK

The getaway car. [I mean, I'm here and I'm] swinging the suitcase up to stop the screens. [You're out the back getting the money...holding the people up.] Who's ~~outside~~ in the car?

*They stop in their tracks and sit side-by-side on [stand next to] the couch, thinking.*

~~EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE. STREET. NIGHT.~~

~~Mick and Kev walking along a street.~~

KEV

~~Bit of a spunk. I'd fuck her.~~

MICK

~~You'd fuck anything.~~

KEV

~~Wouldn't fuck you.~~

MICK

~~That's 'cause I don't have four legs and a flea collar.~~

*Kev shrugs.*

KEV

~~And when was the last time you had a root?  
You fingered her yet? She's some sort of wog,  
you wanna watch out for them.~~

MICK

~~Piss off, you're the one stuck with the beautiful Betty.~~

KEV

~~Listen, if I couldn't get a root, I'd go mad in  
me fucken head.~~

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE CAR PARK. NIGHT.

*[Aerial over shopping centre car park.]*

MICK

*Who's driving the car?]*

*Mick and Kev are breaking into a car, a station wagon; it has a little crime prevention sticker on the window. Kev sticks a long thin piece of metal like a ruler between the door's glass and its skin. He mumbles as he fishes around. Finally it clicks.*

*[Kev opens the car door and sits in the driver's seat.] He goes at the ignition wires. A nervous Mick looks around keeping an eye out.*

*Kev starts mumbling as he touches wire after wire together. Mick starts to get concerned [and is drumming on the car side.*

KEV

Stop it.]

MICK

Look mate, have you got any idea what you're doing?

KEV

A bloke told me.

MICK

What? A bloke told ya?

KEV

Yeah he did. Well, do you wanna do it? Do you wanna have a go?

MICK

No.

KEV

Well then shut up, will you? You're confusing me.

MICK

Good on ya, Kevvie.

KEV

Aw, shut up, bugger ya!

*Mick falls silent, looks around to see if anyone is coming. He has a thought and checks the sun-visor. As he opens it the keys fall into his other hand.*

MICK  
(laughs)

Hey Kev.

KEV  
(off screen)

Shut up!

MICK  
No, just look.

KEV  
Shut up will ya!

*Mick holds the keys in front of Kev's face.*

[MICK  
Look, what's this?

KEV  
Mate, I've just about got it.

MICK  
The door was probably open, too.

KEV  
(off screen)  
Aw, fuck off!

MICK  
Look, come on, mate.

KEV  
Aw...give us it.

MICK

No, I'll fucken drive.

KEV

No, I'll fucken drive.

MICK

Get out!

KEV

All right, I'll keep going!

MICK

I've fucken got the keys.

KEV

Aw, go on. Don't.

MICK

Fuck off!

KEV

Yeah look, I'll fucken drive!]

INT. STOLEN CAR. NIGHT.

*[The station wagon emerges from the car park and drives away up the street.]*

*Mick and Kev are driving along in the stolen car. Mick is at the wheel and Kev is going through the centre console, then the glove box.*

KEV

Nothing. What's wrong with these people?

*Mick looks into his rear-vision mirror. A car is close behind.*

*It drives right up behind them, unable to pass on the narrow road.*

MICK

What's up with this bastard?

KEV

What?

MICK

I don't know. He's right up me arse.

*Mick squints as a flash of light from the high beam of the car behind them hits him in the eyes through the rear-vision mirror.*

MICK

Jesus Christ!

KEV

Fucken cunt! [Pull over!]

*Kev is leaning into the back seat looking for something.*

KEV

Stop so he can't pass ya!

MICK

What for?

KEV

Just a quick word.

*Mick stops in the middle of the road. The car behind is coming even closer, its driver leaning on the horn.*

*Kev gets out of the stolen car, and walks around to the gap between the cars holding a wheel brace.*

DRIVER

Get off the bloody road!

*Kev starts smashing the Driver's headlights.*

KEV

What? You own it do ya?

*He smashes the second headlight and there is just the red glow from the stolen car's brake light.*

KEV

It's very rude to put your high beams on, mate! Very fucken rude!

*Kev gets back into the car. Mick pulls it into gear, trying not to grin.*

KEV

*(shaking his head)*

Some people, eh?

*(pause)*

Let us drive.

MICK

No [fucken] way.

KEV

Go on.

MICK

Nuh.

KEV

I'll show you a trick.

*Mick frowns and we see the car going up the dark street.*



EXT. CAR. NIGHT.

*Kev is driving the car.*

*He is driving faster and faster into a brand new half-finished housing estate. The wooden skeletons of the houses flash past the car. The roads are only half-finished, some without curb and guttering, then Kev finds what he is looking for—roads that aren't sealed yet.*

*He grins across at Mick, and without looking back at the road he reaches down and pulls up the handbrake with his right hand, while yanking hard down with his left hand on the steering wheel.*

[KEV

Fuck you!]

*Then Kev lets go. He holds both his hands up and away from the wheel as the car starts to slide around sideways then backwards as if it were on ice.*

*String music swells (the same melancholy stuff we have heard at the golf club). The picture goes into slow motion.*

*Mick takes his hands away from the dash. They look at each other and smile, their hands raised as though they are having some sort of religious experience.*

*All the while dust and gravel are spraying in the air, and the headlights become stronger and stronger beams in the dust. They flash on and off the half-finished frames of the houses as the car continues spinning in the dust.*

[KEV

Fuck you!]

[EXT. CES OFFICE. DAY.

*Kev walks up to the office.*

INT. CES OFFICE. DAY.

*Kev and the CES Man in the office.*

CES MAN

Under 'Special Skills' you've got fashion photographer.

KEV

Yeah.

CES MAN

How many interviews have you had?

KEV

None.

CES MAN

But you put in applications?

KEV

Yeah.

CES MAN

But you didn't get any interviews?

KEV

No...can I go now?

CES MAN

Yeah...all right.

*Kev stands.]*

INT. COLIN'S GARAGE. DAY.

*In the back of the garage, Colin is sitting on a Jason-type recliner. Luce is standing silhouetted in the doorway, impatient, watching him as he taps a small bag on the coffee table while he leans forwards watching something (koalas fighting) on the television.*

COLIN

Aw, they're great these shows they've got on during the day for schools, eh? Show you how things work.

*Luce shrugs, her eyes on the bag.*

LUCE

Mmm.

COLIN

You can sit home, see everything in the world and see how it works. ~~Fantastic.~~ The whole world in a box in the corner of your room, fantastic.

LUCE

Great.

COLIN

Yeah, yeah, come back when you've got the money.

LUCE

Colin, just ah.

COLIN

Don't.

*(he points at her)*

I'm not going to do that. Just come back...when you got the money.

EXT. BANK #2. STREET. DAY.

*Close 2-shot on Kev and Mick, on bikes. They are looking past the camera.*

*On a reverse shot behind them, we can see the bank between them across the street.*

*Kev is looking around as though he's nervous someone might see them.*

KEV

Can we just go now?

MICK

Can we just go through it one more time?

KEV

Why?

MICK

You know why.

*Kev shakes his head.*

KEV

Well, we come out of the bank—the car's waiting.

MICK

Then what? Then what?

KEV

Then we go down the street a bit.



*They start moving down the street. As they get away from the camera we see that they are on very old rough-looking 'Dragster' pushbikes. Kev is clearly embarrassed.*

MICK

The street.

KEV

And then we turn. Aw mate, I feel like a dick-head.

MICK

Are you serious about doing this, or what?

*They disappear round the corner.*

KEV

*(off screen)*

Yeah, I'm serious!

MICK

*(off screen)*

Then stop carrying on.

[EXT. CAR PARK. DAY.

*Kev and Mick riding around in circles in the car park.*

MICK

Hey, I've got a poem for you. It's called  
'Dead'.

I saw this dead dog  
on the side of the road.  
Its guts were hanging out.  
It didn't know it was dead.

KEV

Mate, I've got a poem for you.

MICK

Yeah?

KEV

You're going to like this poem, mate. This is  
a gem.

*Kev and Mick ride around each other, Kev trying to get  
Mick with his bike.*

KEV

Maximum fear.  
Minimum time.  
Huh?

KEV

*(off screen)*

What do you think of that, mate? That's a  
poem.]



EXT. STREET/MICK'S HOUSE. DUSK.

*Lani walking alone up an empty-looking street as the sun sets. She is looking at the ground in front of her feet. She glances up only to identify house numbers, stops in front of Mick's place, and finally goes up the path still looking at the ground in front of her feet.*

*She goes to the front door, knocks, looks back at the path, glances at the door, then heads off back down the path.*

*The door opens and Mick comes out.*

MICK

Hey!

*Lani stops and turns.*

INT. MICK'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

*In the kitchen. Mick and Lani are at the table.*

MICK  
(*off screen*)

Well, it's...you know, it's only my brother's place. I live here with him.

(*pause as he nods*)

Lani's a nice name.

LANI  
(*a little embarrassed*)

~~It means flower.~~ [It's Polynesian for heaven.

MICK  
Heaven?]

MICK  
(*nods a little*)

I—I haven't got any money.

LANI  
Well, don't look at me.

MICK  
(*grins*)

I like to, but.

LANI  
Don't take the piss out of me.  
(*she shrugs*)

[MICK  
Sorry.]

LANI  
Well, what are we going to do?



MICK

[I don't know. Um.] We can watch telly?

LANI

Aw great.

MICK

No, fine. Um...no, look...no, we...we could go for a walk?

LANI

(nods)

All right.

*Lani heads off with Mick following.*

EXT. FREEWAY. NIGHT.

*Lani and Mick in a caged-in walking bridge overpass above the freeway.*

MICK

How come you like me?

LANI

(taken aback)

Who says I do?

MICK

Maybe you don't.

LANI

Why not?

MICK

You could do better.

LANI  
*(smiles)*

What's better?

MICK  
Someone with a job...  
*(pause)*

...and a car maybe.

LANI  
Why would I want that?

MICK  
~~Well that's what people want.~~ Christ, who  
wouldn't want a car? You could just go, pfft.  
*(he points at a car)*

Like, you see that one there. It's going to  
Queensland. ~~The bloke in it comes from~~  
Melbourne. He just packed up his stuff and  
he's just fucked off.

LANI  
How do you know?

MICK  
I don't, I just made it up.

LANI  
Why?

MICK  
For fun.

LANI

Yeah?

*Lani thinks for a while and nods.*

MICK

Why don't you do one?

LANI

What?

MICK

Make up a story about one of them cars.

LANI

*(laughs)*

I don't know.

MICK

Go on. What are they doin'?

LANI

*(unsure)*

Mmmm.



*Mick grins and nods encouragingly.*

LANI

All right. See that one.

[MICK

Where?]

LANI

The fast car?

MICK

Yeah.

LANI

Well, there's a man and a woman in it, and they're happy.

MICK

What have they got to be happy about?

LANI

I don't know. They just decided to be.

MICK

You can do that can ya? Just decide?

[LANI

Yeah.]

*Lani smiles and shrugs.*

INT. GREG'S DINING/LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

*Luce has been crying. Greg is trying to calm her.*

GREG

Do it for me. Try—try it for me.

LUCE

I am trying. Why can't you help me? I need you to help me.

GREG

Well...it's got to stop, it can't go on like this. It's got to stop, no more once more, it's got to stop!

LUCE

You don't understand what it's like to need something, you don't know what it's like. All you can think about is how much you need it, every day, all day!

*Greg just looks at her, and nods softly.*

GREG

We can do it. I'll help you, I'll help you. We can do it.

INT. MICK'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

*Close up of Lani's face, her head resting on a pillow. Her lips are pulled back over her teeth, her eyes are scrunched up, she is making a sort of high-pitched grating sound in the back of her nose somewhere.*

*She takes in a deep breath, tenses for a silent moment, then breathes out slowly, a smile forming on her open lips and at the corner of her eyes.*

*Mick rises up, his head landing on the pillow next to hers as he turns to lie on his back. He wipes the corner of his mouth with his knuckle.*

*Still smiling, she opens an eye to look at him.*

LANI

Who taught you how to do that?

MICK

Why? Did I do something wrong?

LANI

No, it was good.

[MICK

Aw!]

LANI

Really.

[MICK

Yeah?]

LANI

I liked it a lot.

*Mick grins a little, embarrassed.*

LANI

So who taught ya?

MICK

Nobody.

LANI

No one?

MICK  
(shrugs)

No, I...I never done it before.

LANI

Hey?

MICK

I saw it in a video.

*Mick tries to drag a stubborn hair off his tongue with his thumb and forefinger.*

INT. PUB BAR. NIGHT.

*The same night. Kev is down at the pub. He looks a little nervous, worried that people might overhear his conversation with a skinny wired-looking bloke, Jonah, who is bouncing around on amphetamines, looking up at some greyhound racing on a television high on the wall.*

JONAH

So you want some Go then?

KEV

*(off screen, surprised)*

No.

JONAH

You don't want any? You sure?

KEV

Nuh.

JONAH

[Go! Get up!] You're not sure?

KEV

No, I'm certain.

*Jonah turns to face Kev.*

JONAH

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I thought you said you wanted some Go!

KEV  
*(whispers)*

I said that I wanted a gun.

JONAH  
*(happy)*

A gun? A gun! I thought you wanted some  
Go. You wanna gun!

KEV  
*(looking around)*

Yeah, some guns. Some guns.

JONAH  
Some guns?

KEV  
We need some guns, yeah.

JONAH  
Some guns? What do you want some guns  
for?

KEV  
We're doing something.

JONAH  
*(smiles)*

Aw yeah. Just [fucken] doing something, eh?  
[What are youse doing a servo or something,  
are youse? Eh?

KEV  
No.



JONAH

You doing a fucken paper shop? Eh? Y—  
youse guys going to knock over one of  
them—one of them window-washer blokes?  
Hey? Huh?

KEV

Will you keep your fucken voice down?

JONAH

Listen, you want some guns—then just tell me  
why.]

*Jonah winks at Kev.*

INT. MICK'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

*Mick kisses Lani. Lani is clutching her hands to her chest,  
resolute. Mick is frowning.*

MICK

Oh, why would I?



LANI

I'm not doing it if you haven't got one.

MICK

But I won't come inside ya.

LANI

Well, I'm not gunna let you anyway.

*Mick's head goes loose and flops around on his shoulders, his face all scrunched up.*

LANI

Well, you should have gone and got some.

MICK

Well, how was I supposed to know?

LANI

Are you stupid? You asked me to come to your place and I did!

MICK

Hey, hang on.

*He runs from the room.*

INT. GREG'S AND LUCE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

*Greg rolls off Luce in the near dark. His look is both hurt and frustrated.*

[LUCE

What?]

GREG

Well, at least you could pretend that you're interested.

LUCE

Mmmm?

*Luce curls onto her side, goes back to sleep. Greg gets up and leaves the room.*

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

*Mick is rummaging through Terry's drawers, muttering to himself. Lani comes to the door with her bag, looks at Mick, then at the front door down the hallway.*

*Mick is nervous. He opens another drawer, and holds up a small plastic envelope triumphantly.*

MICK

Look!

LANI  
(smiles)

Lucky.

[MICK

Yeah!]

INT. GREG'S AND LUCE'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

*Greg sits masturbating in the dark at the kitchen table, occasionally lit up by the headlights from passing cars.*

INT. MICK'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

*The screen is black. There is the sound of a light being switched on, and the room goes blinding white.*

[TERRY

Oy!]

MICK

Jesus Christ!

*Mick is flailing around. Terry is standing at the door, an embarrassed woman behind him in the hallway.*

*Lani pulls the sheets over her head.*

TERRY

Mate, did you take my condom?

MICK

*(grins)*

Ya what?

TERRY

Arsehole, why didn't ya get your own?

*Mick and Lani laugh in bed.*

TERRY

Kylie!

*Mick pulls the sheet over his head. In the glowing light underneath Lani is grinning at him, trying not to laugh.*

*Terry exits after Kylie.*

INT. COLIN'S GARAGE. DAY.

*Jonah comes into the garage holding two white bags from a takeaway shop. He hands one to Colin who is working on some dirty laboratory equipment.*

*Colin opens his hamburger and looks into it.*

COLIN

Listen. What's this?

JONAH

It's a hamburger.

COLIN

Yeah, what is this?

*He has the hamburger open showing its contents.*

JONAH

Aw.

COLIN

Mmm. Correct me if I'm wrong, but that's pineapple, isn't it?

JONAH

Yeah.

COLIN

Mmm, and what did I say about pineapple?

JONAH

I dunno.

COLIN

You don't know?

JONAH

All right, you said you didn't want any.

COLIN

What I...said was...that...the sweetness with the meat...

*(scrunches up his face)*

JONAH

Well, just take it out.

COLIN

I'm sorry?

JONAH

Like...well, just take the pineapple out.

COLIN

*(much softer)*

You're not arguing with me, are you?

JONAH

No—no, I'm not arguing.

COLIN

Sounds like it to me.

JONAH

All right, I'll take it back.

*Jonah goes to leave, taking the faulty hamburger.*

*(shrugs)*

You get them guns yet, for them blokes?

COLIN

Just go and get the hamburger, will you? Eh?  
Let me worry about the guns.

[JONAH

Fuck!]

*Jonah nods and leaves.*

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE. DAY.

*[Two police cars pull up. The Sergeant, Eric and Leanne get out.] We see two Uniform Cops coming up the street, keep-*

*ing in close to houses, then we see the Sergeant and Leanne and Eric coming along from the other way.*

*The Sergeant motions for one of the cops to go round the back of the house they have converged on.*

[SERGEANT

Front...Jeff, you go round the back.

LEANNE

Righto. Here we go.]

*The Sergeant goes to the front door and knocks hard, then steps to one side. He goes forward and knocks again.*

INT. MICK'S HALL. DAY.

*Inside the hall of Mick's place there is banging at the door, soft at first, then getting louder. Mick stumbles into the hall, hair at all angles and wearing only socks and underpants.*

MICK

Yeah, righto! Righto!

*He opens the door and squints into the daylight.*

MICK

~~Who are you?~~

*A young-looking bloke is standing outside dressed in American hip hop sort of gear.*

ARRI

You Mick? Your name Mick?

MICK

Yeah, what?

ARRI

Did you fuck my sister?

MICK

Who's your sister?

ARRI

Lani, me sister's Lani.

MICK

Who are you?

ARRI

I'm her brother.

MICK

Well, you would be, wouldn't ya.

ARRI

What?

MICK

Her brother, if she's ya sister. What do ya want?

ARRI

You can't touch my sister mate, you leave my sister alone!

*Arri pulls a knife out of his pocket. He has trouble opening it.*

MICK

*(frowning)*

What's that?

ARRI

What?





*Mick points to the knife.*

MICK

That!

*Arri looks at the knife as well. He raises his eyebrows and shrugs with his hands.*

MICK

Mate, look this...this is a little bit serious, and I haven't even had a cup of tea yet. But I'll put the kettle on, do you fancy a cuppa?

*Arri frowns as Mick walks away.*

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE. DAY.

*Jonah turns up again at Colin's place, mumbling as he walks along with the new hamburgers. He stops when he sees a couple of cop cars parked outside.*

JONAH

Fuck!

*The hamburger bag drops onto the road.]*

*Trying to look nonchalant, Jonah does a u-turn and runs away.*

INT. MICK'S KITCHEN. DAY.

*Mick is standing at the kitchen sink. Arri stands at the door unsure of what to do. The kettle is starting to boil on the stove.*

MICK

Sit down. ~~Go on.~~

*Arri sits and Mick pours water into cups.*

MICK

How do you have it?

ARRI

Eh?

MICK

Your tea?

ARRI

Just black.

MICK

Suit yourself.

*Mick puts the tea in front of Arri.*

You got a job?

*Arri shakes his head, then looks around the room.*

ARRI

You got any sugar?

*Mick gets the sugar.*

MICK

~~So what are you up to next week?~~

INT. POLICE CAR. DAY.

*Colin is wedged between Eric and Leanne in the back seat of a police car.*

COLIN

What do you think about pineapple on hamburgers?

ERIC

Pineapple? Pineapple I don't mind, I like it. Beetroot though, beetroot's crook.

COLIN

~~No beetroot's all right, beetroot's good, it's got an acidy sort of tang to it.~~

LEANNE

~~It falls out, leaves a mark on ya shirt, and you can't get it out, and it's there forever.~~

ERIC

~~Yeah, but that's 'cause you're a slob, you're supposed to put it in your mouth. Not down the front of your shirt.~~

COLIN

~~Get a bit of water on it straight away and it'll come out.~~

LEANNE

~~What? Just tap water?~~

COLIN

~~Any water, but the secret is to do it straight  
away.~~

~~Cut to the outside of the car going into the car park of a  
regional police station.~~

INT. MICK'S KITCHEN. DAY.

*Arri is sitting back from the table frowning.*

ARRI

A bank?

MICK  
(laughs)

Yeah, a bank.

ARRI

Yeah, all right.

MICK

You'll do it?

ARRI

Yeah sure. I don't care.

~~INT. DSS. DAY.~~

~~Mick is standing in a queue twelve deep. Everyone in it has  
the same lifeless expression.~~

INT. BIG POLICE STATION CORRIDOR. DAY.

*The two plain-clothes cops, Eric and Leanne, both smoking.*

LEANNE

Fifteen minutes.

*(shrugs)*

Might as well, if nothing comes up, we'll do him for substances. I'll set it up?

[ERIC

Yeah.

LEANNE

Okay.]

*Eric nods. Leanne drops her smoke, treads on it and goes inside.*

INT. KEV'S LOUNGE ROOM. DAY.

*Kev and Betty in the lounge room, slumped on the couch. The television is on.*

KEV

I hate dancing.

BETTY

We could go to the movies.

KEV

I hate the movies.

BETTY

We could go out and play a game of pool.

KEV

I hate pool.

BETTY

Go down the pub.

KEV

I hate the pub.

BETTY

You never want to do anything!

KEV

So?

BETTY

Bloody loser.

KEV

Is that right?

BETTY

Yeah, you just sit here and talk shit. You should change your name to 'Gunna'.



KEV  
(agitated)

And you'd fueken know.

BETTY  
Yeah, I would. You know, you—you never do anything.

KEV  
Yeah well, you don't know everything, do ya?

BETTY  
What? What don't I know? Nothing!

KEV  
As if I'm gunna tell you.

BETTY  
Nothing.

*Betty looks at him for a moment, shakes her head and rises to leave.*

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

*Leanne is playing with her polystyrene cup [standing looking impatient].*

LEANNE  
~~You don't want to do this do ya?~~ You don't want to waste our time, do you?

ERIC  
(off screen)  
Leanne, let's take it easy, eh?

LEANNE

Oh look, we've been trying to give you some room, mate. But the speed's easy, he had the whole set up. Straight down the line.

ERIC

Yeah, go on. Let's take a breather, eh?

[LEANNE

All right.]

*Leanne shrugs, goes out of the room.*

COLIN

Hey listen, right? You're ah...there—there's supposed to be two cops here. You are s'posed to record this.

ERIC

Between you me and ah...this table, I don't think you've got any real idea of just how much strife you're in? Now, what we're doing right now is havin' a little bit of a chat, right?

[COLIN

Yeah.]

ERIC

Now, when I switch that on...it's an interview.

[COLIN

Oh, right.]

ERIC

All right? You understand what I'm saying to



you? Now, I can tell you're a bright bloke.  
You know, I can see that.

[COLIN

Thanks.]

ERIC

So, I reckon you'd appreciate that if you've got any information that you can offer us, it'd be good for us, and it would be good for...for you, the customer. You understand what I'm saying?

COLIN

Yeah, um...look, I want a lawyer.

ERIC

You'd like a lawyer. You understand that when a lawyer comes in here, then that's it?

[COLIN

Uh huh.]

*Eric shakes his head, then leans in towards Colin.*

[ERIC

Aw...we got you with the lot, mate. You go and get yourself a lawyer. Go on. Look, just have...just try and understand what I'm saying to you now.

COLIN

Yeah.]

ERIC

There are colleagues of mine, other members

of the policing fraternity...who have, what you might say is a less flexible attitude when it comes to what could be called...hard drugs. Do you understand what I'm saying to you?

COLIN

(smirks)

Yes, it's the good cop, bad cop routine.

ERIC

(in his ear)

You've been watching too many cop shows, sunshine.

*Eric stands behind Colin for a moment, then a look of defeat crosses his face. He turns for the door, and goes out into the corridor.*

INT. KEV'S LOUNGE ROOM. DAY.

*Betty is on her back on the floor, Kev has his face only millimetres from hers. She is smiling.*

BETTY

Bullshit!

KEV

Nuh.

BETTY

(impressed)

Cool.

KEV

Yep.

INT. BIG POLICE STATION CORRIDOR. DAY.

*Leanne is waiting for him. Eric shakes his head.*

LEANNE

Did you do the 'colleagues' thing?

[ERIC

Yeah.]

LEANNE

'Other members of the policing fraternity' thing?

[ERIC

(nods)

Yeah.]

LEANNE

It's good that one.

(pauses)

Do you mind if I have a go?

ERIC

Go for your life.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

*Leanne is standing behind Colin. She walks around and leans into his face, stopping barely an inch away.*

LEANNE

It's all very simple. Very clear.

(she smiles)

You fuck them, or I'll fuck you.



*She slips a business card in his pocket.*

COLIN  
(deadpan)

Mmm. In that case I hope you've brought some protection, you know, 'cause I haven't.

[EXT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

*Colin walks out onto the footpath. A police car emerges beside him. Colin looks at the police car as it passes, then exits frame. Aerial of suburb lights at dusk.*

INT. KEV'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

*Tilt down from night sky to Kev's house. Kev and Mick are watching TV in the lounge room. Kev changes channel and throws the remote away.*

KEV  
I hate being bored. I fucken hate it.

MICK  
In my day we made our own fun. We were never bored.

EXT. DSS OFFICE. DAY.

*Kev walks down the street. He dodges a ladder and spits at it.*

INT. DSS OFFICE. DAY.

*Kev waits in the queue.]*

EXT. BANK #2. STREET. DAY.

*Mick is outside the bank, just a small suburban branch in a brick-and-metal eighties row of shops.*

*He walks around it, looking it up and down, trying to appear nonchalant, checking out the stuff in the windows of the shops either side. He walks down the side street and in behind it, looking at the staff car park out the back, the heavy steel rear door, the thick bars on the high small windows.*

*He goes back around to the front.*

INT. BANK #2. DAY.

*Mick goes into the bank. He looks a little suspicious.*

*He glances up at the video cameras, and notes their positions. A television is high up on a wall as well, showing daytime television. All the people in the queue are looking up at it, as well as the security guard inside the door.*

*Mick fills out a form and goes over to the queue. While waiting he looks out the back at the thick open door of the vault. He watches as a staff member comes into the bank and knocks on the side door. Another bank worker opens it after a moment, and they go in the back behind the counter.*

TELLER

Excuse me. Excuse me!

*Mick looks up at the Teller who is calling to him.*

Next. You're next! You're next!

MICK

Sorry.

[TELLER

Do you have a credit card with us, sir?

MICK

No.

TELLER

If you did, I could have increased your limit.

MICK

Yeah, but I haven't got one.]

*Mick hands over his slip and reaches up with his arm. He touches the barrier above the counter, looks up at it and, with his other arm, feels where the counter top sits against his body.*

TELLER

Excuse me.

MICK

What?

TELLER

The armpit. It's a bit crook.

MICK

Sorry.

*He pulls his arm down quickly.*

INT. ST VINNIES SHOP. DAY.

*Mick in a St Vinnies shop. He is measuring battered old suitcases against the side of his body and his outstretched arm. He seems pleased with himself when he finds one that fits.*

INT. WORKSHOP. DAY.

*Mick in a small suburban metal workshop. We can't hear anything over the sound of hammers pounding and grinders sending sprays of sparks around the space.*

*Mick is yelling to the Owner, showing him dimensions with his arms, like he is talking about fish.*

[OWNER

You wanna hand with that?

MICK

Nah, it's sweet.

OWNER

You sure?

MICK

Yeah.]

STREET. DAY.

*Mick is stumbling down the street with a centimetre-thick piece of steel plate, its weight bending his back and making him stagger as he loses and regains his balance.*

[MICK

I got a poem for ya. It's called 'Hate'.

Mondays I don't mind.

They're like something could happen.

But Fridays,

They remind you nothing ever

Changes.

I hate Fridays.





INT. MICK'S LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

*Mick and Lani are on the couch.*

LANI

I can't.

MICK

Well, why not?

LANI

I've got me, um...

[MICK

What?]

LANI

You know...me things.

MICK

Oh, you got your periods?

LANI

(nods)

It'll make a mess.

MICK

Well, I don't care.

LANI

I do.

MICK

Yeah, but it's my bed.

LANI

(thinks)

Are you sure?

MICK

Yeah, sure. I won't have to wear a condom.

EXT. MICK'S HOUSE. DAY.

*Kev walks up the road to the camera, then up to his house.*

INT. MICK'S LAUNDRY. NIGHT.

*Kev is watching Mick scrubbing his sheets, a look of horror on his face.*

KEV

That blood?

MICK

Well, I dunno. Thought she was trying to get out of it.

KEV

You rooted her when she was on her rags?  
You dirty cunt!

MICK

*(shrugs)*

It was all right.

KEV

What, did you go the growl on her, did you?

*Mick looks at Kev a moment, then shrugs, looking away.  
Kev looks horrified, scrunching up his face.*

KEV

Oh no! God! Aw mate, that is wrong. That's  
wrong.

INT. COLIN'S GARAGE. DAY.

*Jonah and Colin in the empty-looking garage.*

JONAH

Well, where have you been then?

COLIN

Where have I been?

JONAH

You haven't been here.

COLIN

No.

JONAH

You haven't been here.

COLIN

When I have been here, *you* haven't been here!

JONAH

Aw, piss off. What did the cops want then?  
*They hear a car pull up outside.*

COLIN

They wanted a dog.  
*Kev and Mick come in.*

KEV

I'm supposed to do it.

[MICK

Take it easy.]

COLIN

Who's the friend?

JONAH

What did they want a dog for?

COLIN

*(winks)*

Got yourself a bodyguard, Kev?  
*Mick shrugs.*

JONAH

You got a poem for us, Mick?

MICK

Yeah, all right, it's called 'Sweet'.

[KEV

Fuck me!]

MICK

I had my finger inside this  
girl and I could smell her the  
whole next day.

I remembered her taste.

COLIN

That's not a poem, it didn't even rhyme.

*Mick shrugs.*

MICK

You get us some guns, we pay you.

COLIN

Sounds fair.

*Colin's mum enters with a tray carrying biscuits and cups of  
tea. She puts it down and leaves.*

[COLIN

Thanks mum.

JONAH

Thanks, Mrs Shand.]

COLIN

So where's your money?

MICK KEV

Where's the guns?

COLIN

I don't think you got any money.

KEV

Mate, we'll get you the money after.

MICK

Hey Kev, shut up! We'll have the money, when you have the guns.

EXT. GREG'S FLAT. DAY

*Luce struggles down the steps with the TV.*

EXT. PUB. DAY.

*Kev is walking along with a still angry Mick. Outside the pub Kev throws his arm around Mick's shoulder.*

KEV

~~For a hard earned thirst mate!~~

MICK

Well, I haven't got any money, and we've gotta get three hundred bucks. Where are we gunna get that? ~~from?~~

KEV

[Would you] calm down, you're like an old woman! I just cashed me dole cheque, I've got some money. ~~Come on.~~

*Mick nods and goes in. Kev follows him, happy like a little dog.*

*A moment later Luce walks down the street and into the pub, struggling with a new-looking television.*

INT. PUB. DAY.

*Luce is at the table with Kev and Mick. The television is on the table.*

MICK  
(to Kev)

[No. No,] we haven't got any money, we're saving for something, remember?

KEV  
[Well,] it's a nice looking telly.

LUCE  
It's really good.

*Kev has the fifty-dollar note spread open between his two hands in front of Luce.*

KEV  
Ah, that's all I've got.

*With her half-hooded eyes, Luce scans the room. The only other person there is an old drunk at the bar.*

LUCE  
It's worth more than that.

MICK  
We need all the money we've got. [Kevvie!]

KEV  
(to Luce)

Do you want it?

*Luce grabs the money and walks away. Kev puts the money into Luce's pocket. She walks away.*

MICK

Good on ya Kev.

KEV

[Mate,] what is up your arse now? I'll get the guns, don't you worry about that, I'll sort it out.

MICK

Real clever.

*Kev frowns at Mick as he walks out of the pub with the television in his arms.*

INT. KEV'S KITCHEN. DAY.

*Kev walks into the kitchen with the television. Mum is sitting there watching her own portable.*

MUM

What's that?

*Kev has placed the television next to the portable.*

KEV

[Now this is] a telly.

MUM

Where did it come from?

KEV

I got it for ya.

*Kev is looking around for somewhere to plug the television into an electrical socket.*

MUM

I don't want it, I don't want it in the house.



KEV

I got it for you, it's a present.

MUM

I don't want it in the house!

KEV

It's a present!

*(laughs)*

MUM

Don't treat me like an idiot, I don't want it in the house!

KEV

But I paid for it!

*Mum is glaring at Kev.*

MUM

You promised me. You [promised you] wouldn't do anything stupid. You're as bad as he is.

KEV

I paid for it! It was a fucken present!

*Kev [picks up the TV and] storms out.*

EXT. BENCH HILL PARK. DUSK.

*Very wide shot of the park at dusk. Kev walking right to left through the frame carrying the television set.*

INT. PUB. NIGHT.

*A series of shots, jump-cut together, with Kev holding the television walking around the pub, going up and putting it*

*on the tables and talking to five different people who shake their heads, motion with their hands for him to go away, or simply ignore him altogether. Kev gets more and more frustrated.*

[KEV

Hi there. Got a TV here. Fucken beauty it is too.

Mate, I'm going to let youse have it for er...a hundred and twenty. Do you want it for a hundred and twenty?

Now, I know what you're thinking, mate...But I can tell you straight off. It's not hot.

Panasonic, mate. You'd be familiar with that brand, would you?

G'day fellers...ah now, I know what you're thinking, but you're wrong.

I'll give it to you for one hundred and twenty-five bucks, mate.

I'll let youse have it for ah...a hundred bucks, mate.

Hundred and fifty!

What about seventy-five, mate? There's nothing wrong with this TV. I'll plug it in right now for you.

Fifty?

BARMAID

Kev?

KEV

What?

BARMAID

What are you doing?

KEV

What does it fucken look like I'm doing!

BARMAID

Come here.

KEV

Fuck! Do you want to buy this TV?

BARMAID

No, I don't want to buy the TV.

KEV

Well then, why don't you fuck off and leave me alone. I'm not doing anything wrong.

BARMAID

No, I trust you completely.

KEV

So you fucken should.

Hey mate. Look...I'm going to let you have this for fifty bucks...all right. Fifty bucks. All right, fuck you.

Hey you, you yuppie bastard...how about giving me fifty bucks for this fucken TV? That's all I want.

BLOND HEAD

Piss off. Piss off!

KEV

Come on, you got money!

BLOND HEAD

Go on. Get out.

KEV

Aw fuck!

*The Barmaid shakes her head.]*

EXT. PUB. NIGHT.

*Kev comes out of the pub still holding the television, frustrated, uncomfortable with its weight. He starts walking around in small circles, looking around as though waiting for someone.*

*Suddenly he gets angry, throws the television, smashing it into the wall, then, in a frenzy, starts kicking the shit out of it.*

*He stops, then tries to regain some level of calm, breathing deeply as he walks about. He looks nervous and suspicious.*

*Jonah turns up with a shopping bag. He looks really hyper, sniffing, twitching and licking his lips.*

KEV

Where have you been?

JONAH

What?

KEV

You were supposed to be here before.

JONAH

I'm here!

KEV

[Yeah,] but before. ~~You was supposed to be here before!~~

JONAH

So?

KEV

So, you made me wait!

JONAH

Yeah. 'You made me [fucken] wait.' [You made me wait.] You want the guns? [You want them?] You want me to take them away? [Do you want the guns?]

KEV

I said I want the guns.

JONAH

~~Who the fuck do you think you are? You want the guns?~~

KEV

~~I said I want them.~~

JONAH

You want 'em?

KEV

Are you deaf as well as stupid?

*Jonah pulls a gun from the bag with one hand, while grabbing Kev's hair and pulling his head back with the other, jamming the barrel into Kev's neck next to his jaw just under his ear.*

JONAH

You [fucken] smart-arsed cunt! You want 'em fucken guns?

*Kev's eyes are half turned back in his head, his mouth drawn in a grimace, as he struggles for air.*

JONAH

You fucken want them, hey? [You want the fucken guns? You fucken want them? Say it! Say it, you want the fucken guns! Say it, you fucken...

KEV

Yes man, I want it. Yes, I want the guns. Please. Come on mate.]

*Kev half grunts as he tries to nod.*

*Jonah smirks and starts to relax, taking the gun away and pushing Kev to the ground, gloating in his sense of power.*



JONAH

[All right!] All right, that's all you had to say...[wasn't it?]

*Kev is half crouched on the ground, rubbing his neck. In a sudden movement, he is turning, pushing off the ground.*

[KEV

Fuck you!]

*Kev's shoulder catches Jonah under the ribcage, and drives him into the wall. Pushing away, Kev starts flailing with his arms, his punches wild and misdirected, but there is enough rage and power in them to hurt Jonah, who slowly falls to his knees. Kev kicks him in the hip, then the stomach and, as he falls further, the ribs.*

*Breathing heavily, Kev turns, looking for the bag. He scoops up the loose gun that Jonah was holding and stuffs it into the bag as well.*

*Jonah wheezes like a death rattle as he tries to push himself to his feet.*

[KEV

Get down! Get down! Is that better? How do you like it?]

*Kev kicks Jonah again. He goes down, saliva thick with blood in a trail from his bottom lip.*

JONAH

(crying)

What'd you do that for? You didn't have to do that.

KEV  
(laughs)

[Aw, what's the matter mate?] You're lookin' a bit crook. Feeling unwell, you wanna give up that speed mate, it fucks you up.

*Kev spits on Jonah.*

[JONAH  
Unh...]

*Jonah watches Kev go up the street.*

*The string music swells and the images go into slow motion as Kev raises his face, ecstatic, skyward. He opens his fingers almost like a flamenco dancer. Then, hard cut, music gone.*

INT. GREG'S DINING/LOUNGE ROOM. NIGHT.

*Inside Greg and Luce's flat, in their lounge room. Greg has an air of disappointment about him. Luce seems like she is thinking on her feet.*

GREG  
You said you were going to stop.

LUCE  
No, you said I was going to stop.

GREG  
[Well,] why didn't you tell me you weren't going to. Now we haven't got a television.

LUCE  
[Well,] you wouldn't give me the money. Just send me back to the clinic again.



GREG

Five hundred dollars that set was worth, not fifty dollars. Five hundred [dollars]!

LUCE

I couldn't get five hundred [dollars], they'd only give me fifty.

GREG

[Well,] that's because you were desperate, you could see that a mile off, you said you could stop.

LUCE

I can stop, I just don't want to.

GREG

Oh, well we don't have any money, so, what are you going to sell next?

LUCE

You can get it!

GREG

~~There is~~ No fucken way!

LUCE

You can get it!

GREG

[There is] no way.

*Luce starts punching Greg in kitchen.*

LUCE

You're such a selfish [fucken] cunt!

*Greg hurls the remote control hard into the floor. He looks*

~~out the window, away from her. He looks calm and quiet.~~  
Luce walks up to him, touches him on the shoulder. He  
winces away, she keeps trying to touch him, he keeps pulling  
away.

LUCE

I know [I'm sorry], honey. [I'm sorry.]

Finally he allows himself to turn into her embrace. ~~She starts~~  
~~to kiss him on the face with small kisses.~~ [She holds his face,  
he puts his arms around her.]

INT. MICK'S BEDROOM. DAY.

A very dark room, the curtains are drawn, making it almost  
black.

MICK

(off screen)

Ow!

LANI

(off screen, breathless)

What?

MICK

(off screen)

You bit me.

LANI

(off screen)

I didn't bite ya.

MICK

(off screen)

Yes, you did. [You bit me.]

LANI  
(off screen)

Look, if you don't want me to do it.

MICK  
(off screen)

[No, no, no.] I want you to do it.

*Lani falls into frame upside down over the edge of the bed,  
her hair hanging down.*

LANI  
You asked me to do it.

*Mick comes into frame right side up over the edge of the bed.*

MICK  
[No,] I asked you to suck it, not bite it.

LANI  
Well if I did, I didn't mean to.



MICK

[No, you just—you ought to be a little] Well  
just be more careful [that's all].

LANI

This is too much like hard work.

MICK

[No, no, it's great. I love it.] I love what  
you're doing. [It's just...] it just hurts when  
you bite me, babe.

*A car pulls up in the driveway. Mick goes to the window,  
pulls back the curtain and looks out.*

MICK

Aw shit.

LANI

Who is it?

MICK

It's Kev.

LANI

Oh, what does he want?

MICK

I just...ah...I've got to do something.

KEV

*(off screen)*

Hey Mick!

*Lani starts to pull her clothes on.*

MICK

What are you doing?

*The horn beeps outside.*

[KEV

Wakey, wakey. Hands off snakey.]

LANI

What?

MICK

Well, what are you getting dressed for?

*[Kev peeks in through the window.]*

LANI

I'm goin' home.

MICK

Well—well, why don't you stay here?

LANI

Mmmph...what for?

*[Kev walks away from the window.]*

MICK

Well, I don't know, I just...

KEV

What are you doing?]

MICK

I thought [you just]—you might want to stay here.

LANI

What for?

KEV

*(off screen)*

Mick ya slack bastard! [Come on! What are you doing. Stop fucken around!]

LANI

~~What for?~~

*Mick shrugs, pulls his clothes on, and leaves.*

*Lani looks out the window, frowning when she sees Arri grinning in the back seat.*

[KEV

Come on!]

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

*The stolen car roars up the road to the camera. The car drives away.*

EXT. BUSH. DAY.

*The station wagon pulls up in the middle of nowhere. Arri, Kev and Mick get out. Kev has a heavy plastic shopping bag. He offers it around to the others. They each take a gun out, two sawn-off .22 calibre rifles, a sawn-off shotgun and an old-looking revolver.*

ARRI

*(grins)*

Bloody hell.

MICK

What do you need to fire them for ~~any~~way?

KEV

To Practice.

MICK

~~What for?~~ Practice! Are you planning on shooting someone at the bank, are ya?

KEV

Nah, [I'm not.

MICK

Are you?]

KEV

Look, we might have to shoot our way out.

ARRI

(grinning)

Yeah, like Ned Kelly.

MICK

Ned Kelly didn't shoot his way out, dickhead, they shot the shit out of him, then they hung him.

KEV

Piss off [will you]. Look, we're not gunna shoot anyone? We're just going to have some fun, we'll shoot some cans and shit.  
[Here...go on.]

*Mick shakes his head, but smiles in spite of himself. They set up some cans on an old stump.*

KEV

[Go on.] You go first.

*Kev motions to Mick.*

*Mick looks around at the others, then, taking a breath, lines up his pistol onto one of the cans.*

[KEV

Shoot the bastard!

MICK

Yeah, yeah. Here we go.]

KEV

*(patronising)*

~~You're supposed to~~ Just squeeze that trigger.

MICK

Yeah I [fucken] know!

*He lines up again, then bang! [Mick fires the gun accidentally and the bullet hits the stump.] ~~The bullet doesn't hit anything.~~*

MICK

It's loud, isn't it?

ARRI

Give us a go!

KEV

*(turning away)*

No way, Coconut. You'd go mad in the head if you get a gun.



ARRI  
(to Kev)

Yeah, well give us one and I'll show ya!

MICK  
(to Kev)

Give him a go!

[KEV  
Aw get off! Go on!

MICK  
(to Kev)

Give him a go!]

KEV  
~~All right, all right.~~ [Ah! Careful, Coconut!]

*Taking it in turns they all shoot at the cans, grinning at each other, cheering when they finally hit one, shaking their heads when they miss.*



KEV

Ah! Oh! Coco!

*(laughs)*

MICK

He hit it.

KEV

Give it here, you wog bastard. Yeah?

INT. MICK'S LOUNGE ROOM. DAY.

*[TV screen—a cleaver chops ribs, chops a chicken neck, chops prawn tails. Mick is playing patience.] There is a loud banging on the door. Mick answers it. Kev is standing there shaking his head.*

KEV

I did a bad thing, I done a really bad thing.

*Kev walks past Mick into the lounge room. Mick goes and sits down on the couch. Kev goes to the window and looks out.*

KEV

~~That dog, that fucken dog.~~ I was walking down the street. I was, you know feeling good. Fuck it! That fucken dog, I was just enjoying meself, fuck it!

MICK

What, the big bastard?

KEV

~~Yeah the bastard! I hate that dog!~~ Mate, he just fucken...it just went for me, for no reason. [I didn't do nothing!]

[Following scenes intercut.]

EXT. DOG STREET. DAY.

~~Kev is walking down the street. He starts to come around the corner of the cyclone fence. He seems really pleased with himself. Then, from out of nowhere, the dog charges at Kev. It leaps into the air, timing its bark to frighten Kev the most. Kev dives backwards away from the dog, terrified.~~

KEV  
(voice over)

Bastard! Bastard! [He just went for me!]

~~The dog is going hysterical a few feet away. Kev looks like he has hurt his back, reaches into the small, and pulls out the source of his discomfort, the revolver.~~

~~Following scenes intercut.~~

[INT. MICK'S LOUNGE ROOM. DAY.]

MICK  
Behind the fence?

KEV  
(angry)

Yeah but if he wasn't [fucken] behind the fence, I'd be fucken fucked, totally [fucked]. I was thinking, fuck you mate, fuck you!

[EXT. DOG STREET. DAY.]

~~Kev pushes himself up, holding the gun, and walks towards the angry dog [shoots the dog through the gate].~~

KEV  
(whispers)

Bastard.

*Bang! Kev is shocked at the gun going off in his hand.*

[INT. MICK'S LOUNGE ROOM. DAY.]

KEV  
So I shot him. Shot him with the gun, you know? Bingo! With the gun.

MICK  
What? You killed it?

KEV  
[Fuck it! Fuck it!] Shit.—Wish I had, mate...wouldn't [fucken] mind if I had. I winged the bastard, you know?

[EXT. DOG STREET. DAY.]

*Kev has winged the dog. It is suddenly terrified and starts making a horrible keening sound, trying to drag itself away from the fence.*

*Kev is looking at the dog, and starts to make a similar noise to it.*

KEV  
(chanting)

Aw fuck, aw fuck, aw fuck.

*The dog limps away.*

KEV

It started making this horrible noise, this...

[INT. MICK'S LOUNGE ROOM. DAY.]

*Kev is whining like a dog. Mick drops his head in his hands.*

KEV

Trying to get away.

[EXT. DOG STREET. DAY.]

*Kev approaches the gate. Dog whining.*

KEV

[Aw fuck!]

*(voice over)*

Dragging himself along making this horrible fucken...

[INT. MICK'S LOUNGE ROOM. DAY.]

*Kev turns away.*

KEV

*(sobs)*

...noise.

MICK

Shit.

KEV

*(off screen)*

I feel really bad, it's a bad thing.

KEV

It's like an omen, something bad's gunna happen [to me], I'm gunna get punished, I [fucken] know I am.

*They both look away from each other, nodding softly.*

INT. COLIN'S GARAGE. DAY.

*Jonah is looking much the worse for wear, one eye puffy, a fat lip, a hand lightly resting on his ribs. Colin is watching television.*

COLIN

You gave him the guns.

JONAH

How was I supposed to know he was gunna go crazy. I thought he'd...

COLIN

*(stands smiling)*

Look!

*(calmly walks towards Jonah)*

I just want to be clear about what happened, [all right? You know,] I just want to know.

*Without warning he punches Jonah on the sore side of his head.*

COLIN

Is that what happened!

JONAH

*(cowering)*

I don't know, I ~~don't~~.

COLIN

You don't know? Well, you were there! I wasn't there, right! You were there!

*Colin punches Jonah hard in his sore ribs, sending him across the table and onto the couch.*

COLIN

Is that what happened!

JONAH  
(blubbing)

I dunno.

*Jonah screams as Colin hits him again.*

[COLIN

Oh, shit! Look, I'm not angry with you.

*Colin pulls Jonah across the floor by the nose.*

JONAH

Ahhh!

COLIN

Just a bit disappointed.

*Close-up on TV screen—cartoon violence.]*

*Breathing heavily, Colin walks into the corner. He picks up the phone, pulls a card from his pocket, dials and waits a moment.*

COLIN

God, you gave him the fucken guns!

*(calm into the phone)*

G'day. You know who it is.

*[Colin turns around to Jonah.]*

COLIN

Can you um...just be quiet for a minute.]  
Yeah, look, I've got some names and ah...I  
think I got a place.

INT. SMALL POLICE STATION. DAY.

*Eric, Leanne and the Sergeant are in the back office. Close-up on a pleased Leanne closing her mobile phone.*

LEANNE

What more do you want?

*Cut to Sergeant going through some manilla files at a metal filing cabinet.*

SERGEANT

[Here we go.] Kevin Madden, Michael  
Cameron. [They're] like a local double act.

Just the usual, [you know,] malicious damage,  
offensive language, a couple of 'dickhead of  
the week' awards, but...nothing nasty.

ERIC

Are they up to something like this?

SERGEANT

*(shrugs)*

Oh, I don't know. It'd take more than that to  
surprise me, though.

ERIC

What if they haven't done it before, what if  
they're in out of their depth?



LEANNE

What?

ERIC

What? We send them away for five or six years, they come back hard bastards, pros. And then they do it properly.

LEANNE

You want to let 'em go?

ERIC

No, [no, no, no]. We get them for illegal firearms, bingo! Put the frighteners on 'em.

LEANNE

Give them a fright?

ERIC

Yeah, make them wake up to themselves.

LEANNE

What are you, a cop or what? We do them—armed rob, end of story.

[EXT. MICK'S HOUSE. DAY.

*Terry shuts the van door. Mick is standing beside him. They walk around the car.*

MICK

No, it's bullshit!

TERRY

Well, I don't care. Just ask anyone down the pub.

*Mick walks away down the street, Terry calling after him.*

TERRY

Hey, what the fuck are you and Kev up to?]

INT. KEV'S GARAGE. DAY.

*Mick and Kev around the stolen station wagon. Hand-held camera, prowling around them, lots of jump cuts as they move to and from the camera.*

MICK

Are you a complete [fucken] idiot?

KEV

Don't you call me an idiot!

MICK

No, I didn't call you an idiot, I asked you if you were an idiot, ya fucken idiot!

*Kev goes for Mick. He pushes him in the chest.*

MICK

Fucken Jonah! Fuck!

KEV

And what were you gunna do, eh?

MICK

That cunt's off with the [fucken] pixies already!

KEV

So, we had to get them from somewhere!

MICK

What do you reckon Colin's gunna [say, hey?  
Do you reckon he's going to] go 'Oh yeah,  
you little fucken beauty, Kev'?

KEV

I'll go...~~fucken look after it!!~~

MICK

No! Fuck that! [This is a joke.] I'm ~~out of it~~,  
I'm not playing this stupid fucken game any  
more, fuck it! Fuck it!

*Mick pisses off.*

~~EXT. BOTTLE SHOP. NIGHT.~~

~~A wide shot of the bottle shop, very still. Lani is isolated by  
light behind the counter in the middle of the frame. Quick  
pan around to a close-up profile shot of Mick watching.~~

LANI

*(off-screen)*

~~I'm busy tomorrow.~~

MICK

*(off-screen)*

~~Doing what?~~

~~INT. BOTTLE SHOP NIGHT.~~

~~Mick is still worked up. He is pacing behind Lani who is  
sitting behind the counter, her attention on a book.~~

LANI

~~I'm going to school.~~

MICK

~~Going to school? Doing what?~~

LANI

~~Nursing.~~

MICK

~~You're doing nursing?~~

LANI

~~Yeah I'm doing nursing.~~

MICK

~~You're mad!~~

LANI

~~You're mad!~~

MICK

~~What do you want to do nursing for?~~

LANI

~~Because I want to!~~

MICK

~~What? You wanna wipe old people's arses for them?~~

*Lani realises that Mick isn't joking.*

LANI

~~You don't know the first thing about it!~~

MICK

~~You wanna do all the doctors' work for 'em  
so they can get paid ten times as much as you  
get?~~

LANI

~~What do you wanna do? Nothing! Just stand  
around and shit on people who do!~~

*Lani has stepped away from him, not looking at him, her  
arms folded across her body.*

MICK

~~All right, why do you want to be a nurse?~~

LANI

~~You help people.~~

MICK

~~Help people? Help people exploit ya! Do you  
know how much they get paid?~~

LANI

~~Yeah I do. Do you?~~

MICK

~~Yeah, fuck all!~~

LANI

*(disappointed)*

~~You can't even admit it when you don't  
know.~~

*Mick realises he has overstepped the mark. He rubs at his  
eye with the heel of his hand as though trying to gouge his  
eye out.*

MICK  
*(frustrated)*

~~I just...fucken...I just can't...fuck!~~

~~Lani is unmoved by his struggle.~~

LANI  
~~What? Just what? What do you shit on me  
for? You think it's all right? You think you're  
allowed to?~~

~~Mick is backing away, disappearing into the dark.~~

MICK  
~~Why can't you just fucken...yell at me! Or  
fucken!~~

~~*(then softer)*~~  
~~Something.~~  
~~Lani, confused, watches him disappear.~~

INT. PUB. NIGHT.

~~Terry is [playing pool] sitting in the pub at a small table  
with Greg.~~

TERRY  
She's a spunk though, mate.

GREG  
Yeah, I know that, you don't have to tell me  
that, I can't get her out of me head. I'm think-  
ing about her all day.

~~Kev walks up and butts in.~~

KEV  
Hey Terry...seen Mick?

*Terry shakes his head and looks back at Greg.*

TERRY

No.

*There is a moment when Greg looks at Kev and Kev looks back, a short pause, then they both turn away. Kev leaves.*

TERRY

Well, just put her in a program or something.

GREG

Mate, I've tried, see she doesn't want to stop, I've just got to get away from her.

TERRY

Then just leave, get away from her for six months.

GREG

More like six bloody years. You see...it wouldn't work, but I couldn't, I'd be back in a week.

*Greg tosses back the last of his beer sinks a ball on the pool table.*

EXT. FREEWAY. NIGHT.

*Mick is standing on the overpass rise above the freeway. He is watching the cars heading for their destinations.*

*He looks up to see Kev coming along towards him, with a determined look on his face.*

KEV

Listen mate, [you can't]—you can't just walk out, all right.

MICK

All right.

KEV

Nah, look, if you say you're gunna do something then you can't not do it [all right]?

MICK

All right.

KEV

Now you just gotta do it, Mick.

MICK

Yep.

KEV

What?

*Mick looks at Kev, shrugs, then looks back at the freeway.*

~~INT. KEV'S SHED. DAY.~~

~~Inside a suburban garage. Kev is putting a steel plate in the suitcase Mick got from St Vinnies. It is a quarter of an inch thick, and seems to weigh a lot. Arri is watching, worried.~~

~~KEV~~

~~Ya better do a good job.~~

~~ARRI~~

~~All right.~~



KEV

~~'Cause I'm the one that's got to jump over to  
get to the vault.~~

ARRI

I understand!

~~(testing the bag)~~

It weighs a bit eh.

KEV

~~What are ya carryin' on about? Here.~~

~~Kev takes the bag and, shaking his head, goes back and gets  
a run-up. With a great groan he swings the bag up onto the  
bench and stands it on its end. He turns to Arri and opens  
his arms.~~

ARRI

~~(worried)~~

Righto.

KEV

~~You gotta stop the screens.~~

ARRI

Yep.

KEV

~~Look right. If it comes up it'll break my  
fucken head not yours.~~

ARRI

All right.

KEV

~~It'll break me head.~~

~~(whacks his head)~~

Bingo!

ARRI

~~Yeah all right!~~

~~(nods)~~

~~I've gotta get over the back, no interruptions.~~

~~Have a go now.~~

~~Arri mumbles as he grabs the bag off the bench. He takes a run up, swings and doesn't quite make it. The bag falls back onto him. He smiles at Kev who is swearing under his breath.~~

[EXT. KEV'S HOUSE. DAY.

*Tilt down from the sky as the camera zooms in on the garage door.*

INT. KEV'S GARAGE. DAY.

*Kev opens a cupboard and puts on a leather vest.]*

EXT. LANI'S/ARRI'S PLACE. DAY.

*Arri is walking down the footpath of his house. He is wearing a long coat even though it is a warm day. Lani is walking after him, a few feet behind.*

LANI

Aren't you hot?

ARRI

Nuh.

LANI

Where are you going?

ARRI

Nowhere.

*Lani grabs his arm.*

ARRI

Piss off!

*He pulls away. Lani watches as he goes up the street.*

INT. KEV'S LOUNGE ROOM. DAY.

*Betty is sitting beside Kev on the couch.*

BETTY

Don't tell me to shut up.

KEV

Shut up!

*Kev is angry.*

BETTY

Or what, you gunna hit me?

KEV

Look, I fucken will!

BETTY

Yeah, and I'll cut your cock off while you're asleep!

KEV  
(livid)

Shut up!

BETTY  
All right, all right. Bossy bastard.

*Kev concentrates on the astrologer on the television.*

[ASTROLOGER  
(TV)

Don't tackle any big project. If you have something important to do, don't do it today. Put it off. Keep away from your bank manager. Avoid everything to do with big finances and bank accounts.] ~~Today isn't a good day for big jobs.~~ Anything that can go wrong today will go wrong.

KEV  
(whispered chant)

Aw fuck, aw fuck, aw fuck.

*Kev rubs his face with his hand like he is in pain.*

[ASTROLOGER  
(TV)

If you remember that little piece of advice...]

BETTY  
Just do it another day, eh?

KEV  
I can't do it another day!

*Mick comes in, sees Betty.*

MICK

Hey, what's she doin' here? Hey?

KEV

Nothing.

*(to Betty)*

Fuck off! Fuck off.

[ASTROLOGER

*(TV)*

In other words, stay in bed all day if you possibly can.]

*A pause. Cut to a close-up on Betty as she looks down at Kev while climbing off the couch.*

BETTY

*(whispers)*

Die.

[MICK

Bahh!

MALE ANCHOR

*(TV)*

That doesn't sound too good, John. And in the next hour we'll be meeting Bert Owens, who is a forensic expert specialising in gunshot wounds and youth suicide.

MICK

Did you tell her anything?

*Kev shakes his head.]*



EXT. BENCH HILL PARK. DAY.

*Wide shot of Lani striding through the park left to right.*

INT. KEV'S KITCHEN. DAY.

*Kev, Mick and Arri are sitting around, all a bit hyped and speedy. Mick has a rough drawn plan open between them. He is pointing at it.*

ARRI

What do you mean, we shouldn't do it?

KEV

I never said that, did I? I never said we shouldn't do it!

MICK

Yeah, but it was your idea. It was your idea in the first place!

KEV

All right, fuck ya!

ARRI

What's up with you, then?

MICK

Look, are we going to do it or not?

*Kev shrugs, looking away. Arri nods.*

EXT. MICK'S HOUSE. DAY.

*Lani is at the front door of Mick's place. The door opens and Terry sticks his head out.*

TERRY

Aw it's you.

*(turns inside)*

Mick! Michael!

*(turns back to face Lani, swallows)*

Mmm...he's not home.

*Terry shuts the door in her face walks away back into house.*

INT. KEV'S GARAGE. DAY.

*Shot from outside, facing a roller door. We see Mick as he opens the door, and look in at Kev with the bag of guns. Arri has the St Vinnies suitcase.*

*Mick gets into the driver's seat. Arri dives into the front passenger seat.*

KEV

Get out [of it, Coconut]! I'm s'posed to sit there!

ARRI

What for? Why can't I sit there?

KEV

'Cause I'm supposed to sit there! I ~~just do~~.

MICK

It doesn't ~~bloody~~ matter, [Kev].

KEV

It does [bloody] matter, I'm s'posed to sit there, that's the way it's s'posed to be.

*[(off screen)*

Get out!]

MICK

*(to Arri)*

Let him have it.

ARRI

If I had me gun I'd let him have it.

MICK

Let him have the [fucken] seat [will you]?

ARRI

Nah. I was here first, eh!

MICK

Look, if it's gunna be like this mate, I'm out of it ~~fuck it~~.

*Mick shakes his head and starts to go back inside.*

KEV

Mick! ~~Where're ya going?~~

[MICK

No. What?]



ARRI

Well, yeah, all right, all right. I'll get in the back.

*(pushes past Kev)*

If it means that much to ya.

[KEV

It does.]

MICK

You know, if we're gunna do it [this bloody thing].

KEV

What? Oh yeah all right. Christ! [In the middle! Don't trust you behind me.]

[MICK

Just get in, would you?]

*Arri slouches into the back seat. Kev tries not to gloat as he gets into the front.*

EXT. BANK #2. STREET. DAY.

*Leanne is getting into the unmarked police car. She hands Eric a polystyrene cup.*

ERIC

Look at that! All the froth and the chocolate stuff is stuck to the lid. Why do they even bother putting it on!

LEANNE

Just lick the lid.

ERIC

Listen, unlike yourself, I have some manners, all right?

*(pause)*

Anyway, you should drink it, it should be on the coffee, [it should be] on the drink.

LEANNE

How much longer we gunna wait here? If he doesn't show soon, the boss is going to [fuck-en] string us up.

ERIC

*(cuts her off)*

If we didn't have the SPG here it wouldn't matter.

LEANNE

Look mate, I'm not going to get shot by any bastard or for any bastard. If it's the same little



prick who's been doing the other banks he's going to try and shoot his way out.

ERIC

What if it's the stupid kids, though? ~~With those blokes here they're liable to get shot anyway.~~

LEANNE

Well they should have thought of that before.  
*Eric gets angry all of a sudden.*

ERIC

If that bloody Colin's wound us up, I'll shoot him myself!

INT. STOLEN CAR. DAY.

*Kev is handing out the guns. Mick looks at the magazine in his gun, it has bullets.*

KEV

What? What is it now?

MICK

What's with the bullets?

KEV

'Cause they're guns. Not much chop without bullets.

MICK

I thought we said before, we agreed, we talked.

KEV  
*(cuts him off)*

No, you said that you wasn't going to load...no one else said nothing.

[MICK  
Why do I fucken bother? Why say a fucken word!

KEV  
*(off screen)*  
We're just going to go in—have a good time.  
Make some money.]

*They drive off, along a new-looking double carriageway, the houses shielded from noise by tall concrete barriers.*

EXT. BANK #2. STREET. DAY.

*Eric and Leanne are in their car watching a small armoured van arrive.*

LEANNE  
That'll be the money. They'll be here shortly.  
*They both look at their watches.*

EXT. STREET/INT. STOLEN CAR. DAY.

*The car pulls up at a set of lights behind and between other cars.*

*They are all nervous. Arri clutches the heavy bag to his chest, resting it on his knees. Kev looks into the middle distance, touches the space under his arm where the gun is.*

*A Big Bloke in his late thirties seems to notice the car. He frowns a bit and starts to walk over to it.*

*Mick notices him.*

MICK

Hey, there's some bloke coming over to the car.

KEV

Where?

MICK

~~Down your side on the path.~~ [Right fucken here!]

KEV

We're fucked, we're fucked, we're fucked, we're fucked. [We're...]

*The Big Bloke arrives at the car. He goes around to the driver's window. There seems to be a barely restrained violence about him.*

BIG BLOKE

Going for a bit of a drive, are we boys?

KEV

What's it to you?

BIG BLOKE

Well, it's my car, it disappeared from the car park a few weeks ago.

*Some quick glances between the boys.*

BIG BLOKE

And gee, I'm glad you boys could find it for me.

*Kev is sweating, looking at the red light in front, the reddening face of the Big Bloke at the driver's window. Kev looks around to Mick, a question on his face, his right hand starting to pull the gun out.*

MICK

No.

BIG BLOKE

~~What.~~

MICK

Let's get out. Let's just get out!

KEV

We can't get out here.

ARRI

We need the car!

*Kev mouths silently to Mick, 'Fuck him'. He reaches into his coat and starts to pull his gun out.*

*Mick frowns and shakes his head.*

MICK

Get out!

*Kev turns away as he opens the door.*

*Like sulking children they get of the car. The Big Bloke, unsure of what is happening, steps back from it, aware that something more is wrong than just the car being stolen.*

*The boys get out and step onto the footpath, looking strange in their heavy clothing.*

[BIG BLOKE

You boys are bloody lucky, you know? I should just take you down the police station now. Get that shit out of the back of my car.]

*The Big Bloke stands in the middle of the road, watching them, frowning, until a car behind starts beeping its horn because the lights have changed.*

[BIG BLOKE

Piss off away from my car, you asshole!]

*The Big Bloke gets into the car and drives off looking back at them. Kev spits at the car.*

KEV

Should have put a bullet in his fucken head, that would have shut him up!

ARRI

What do we do now?

*Arri is unsure of the situation. He looks at Mick, then at Kev, who keeps walking.*

EXT./INT. SERVICE STATION. DAY.

*Fast track converging with Lani as she goes towards a large 7-11-type service station. Inside track to over shoulder 2-shot of Lani glaring at Betty across the counter.*

BETTY

Who do you think you are anyway?

LANI

Where are they?

BETTY

I don't have to tell you nothing.

LANI

Well, what's it to you?

*Betty looks hard at Lani, but remains tight-lipped.*

*Lani stares her out.*

LANI

Look, I just want to know where they are.

BETTY

Yeah, well he told me not to tell anyone.

*Lani stares at her, then snatches at a pen hanging around Betty's neck.*

*Overhead close-up of Lani pushing the pen and a small paper bag across the counter at Betty.*





*Betty looks at Lani for a while, then, like a cringing dog, she writes on the bag.*

EXT. STREET. DAY.

*Back with the boys. Arri is pacing behind Mick and Kev who are sitting in the gutter, exposed on the street.*

MICK

*(angry, to himself)*

Just do nothing.

KEV

*(cocky)*

~~You wanna do it?~~

ARRI

We should do it.

MICK

*(to himself)*

If we don't do it now we'll never do it.

KEV

~~What about a car?~~

MICK

Talk, talk. Just sit around and talk and fucken do nothing!

*Kev nods and grins, then starts to lumber up the street towards the bank with his bag.*

*Mick goes a few steps, turns back and looks at Arri lagging behind.*

[KEV

Come on!

ARRI

Yeah, yeah. Just weighs a bit, eh?]

*Mick waits for him, and they stumble off down the street, sweating in their heavy coats, their bodies twisting from the weight of their bags.*

EXT. BANK #2. STREET. DAY.

*Point-of-view shot through a car window of the boys arriving at the bank. They don't look at each other. Then, Kev first, they go into the bank. Their attempts to look inconspicuous make them very noticeable.*

*Some distance away, Eric and Leanne are watching.*

[POLICE RADIO

(off screen)

VK6 to VK4 we have our subjects in vision now.]

LEANNE

Well if it's not our boys they're doing a bloody good job looking like 'em.

*A moment after the others, Mick goes into the bank.*

[POLICE RADIO

(off screen)

Subjects could be armed. Surveillance continues. No further radio talk until further notice. Over.

LEANNE

Let's go and look at the split from the security cameras.

ERIC

Stupid kids.

INT. STATE PROTECTION GROUP VAN. DAY.

*In a van a street away from the bank, half a dozen SPG members in navy blue uniforms are checking their weapons, slamming magazines into M16s, adjusting flack jackets.]*

INT. BANK #2. DAY.

*Inside the bank, Kev is standing looking at the tellers. He looks at Arri sweating in the queue. He turns and looks at Mick at the side counter, writing on a deposit form.*

TELLER

*(off screen)*

~~Yeah I do know what a mortgage is.~~ I work in a bank, I do know what a mortgage is.

WOMAN

Oh, I couldn't be bothered! Little upstart. Who do they think they are?

[EXT. BANK #2. DAY.

*SPG Man with an M16 runs up metal stairs.]*

[INT. BANK #2. DAY.

*Mick looks around to the door then back. He nods. Kev looks down to the counter. Arri is waiting in the queue.*

TELLER  
(off screen)

Yeah, I know. And...I understand the problems you're having. But I think it's best for everyone if we look at a financial plan to sort this out. How does that sound to you?

EXT. BANK #2. DAY.

*The SPG Man with the M16 runs across the roof, crouches and aims his gun.*

INT. BANK #2. DAY.]

*Arri still in the queue.*

[TELLER  
(off screen)]

Next please. Do you have a credit card with us, sir?

CUSTOMER  
(off screen)

No, no. I haven't, son.

EXT. BANK #2. DAY.

*Military boots run past a car.*

INT. BANK #2. DAY.]

*Mick and Kev look around. Arri's hand clenches above the bag.*

[TELLER  
(off screen)]

If you did, I could have increased your limit.

CUSTOMER  
(off screen)

Yeah, but I...I...haven't got one. I don't need one...I already told you.]

*Arri slowly bends to pick up the bag.*

[EXT. BANK #2. DAY.]

*Eric and Leanne watch TV in the van. Eric coughs from Leanne's cigarette smoke.*

INT. BANK #2. DAY.]

*Kev frowns as he sees Lani come inside.*

*Mick notices Kev's frown. He turns to see Lani. She slows as she passes him, shakes her head slightly, then goes towards Arri who is breathing heavily as the queue dwindles in front of him.*

*Then, all of a sudden, he is alone in front of the Teller. Lani's hand closes around his wrist as he reaches down to the suitcase.*

[LANI

What are you doing?]

*The Teller calls to him without looking up.*

TELLER

Next please.

*Arri doesn't react to his sister or the Teller. He looks at Kev.*

[MICK

I don't fucken know!]

[EXT. BANK #2. DAY.

*Close-up on the TV monitor in the van. It shows Lani beside Arri in the queue inside the bank.]*

ERIC

(off screen)

Do you think she's part of it?

LEANNE

Who?

~~*They watch Lani stride to the bank and go inside.*~~

[INT. BANK #2. DAY.

TELLER

Next please.

LANI

Arri, don't!

*Lani's hand is holding Arri's wrist.*

ARRI

Piss off!

*Lani and Arri struggle.*

LANI

Stop it!]

TELLER

Waiting for Christmas, are we?

*Arri looks up at Lani, then down at his bag. He hears a knock on a door, and looks up to see a Young Woman at the door that goes through to the back of the bank. She has two small paper bags with food in them, and a take-away coffee.*

*The door opens. Clumsily the Young Woman starts to go through it.*

*Arri looks back at the suitcase next to his right leg. He reaches down to pick it up.*

LAUGHING BOY  
(FX)

Don't fucken move!

*Kev turns to Mick, then to Arri. Mick and Arri both look at Lani who is frowning, confused.*

*Two other men are in the bank with sawn-off shotguns. Laughing Boy's Accomplice has shoved his way through the door to the back, sending the Young Woman screaming to the ground. He charges towards the vault. Laughing Boy is turning around with the shotgun on the people in the front of the bank, including Mick, Lani, Kev and Arri.*

EXT. BANK #2. STREET. DAY.

*Leanne, Eric and a couple of SPG Cops are in a small control van looking at a feed from the security video camera in the bank.*

LEANNE  
Where the fuck did they come from?

ERIC  
It's Laughing Boy?

LEANNE

~~I s'pose so.~~

ERIC

~~Who are the others?~~

INT. BANK #2. DAY.

*Lani drags Arri away from the suitcase. Kev backs off from his bag. Mick has his back to the door.*

*Laughing Boy is glaring around the room with his sawn-off shot-gun held at waist height.*

LAUGHING BOY

~~Get over here down! Get over here on this side!~~ You, get down!

*Kev is behind him, Mick is in front, Arri and Lani are at the side. Kev pushes his way forward.*

KEV

Look mate, this is our bank!

LAUGHING BOY

Shut up! Shut up!

KEV

This is our fucken bank.

LAUGHING BOY

And get down!

KEV

Fuck you mate, ~~fuck you!~~ This is our bank, go get your fucken own.



[LAUGHING BOY

Shut up!]

*Kev seems to be going for his gun.*

*Laughing Boy isn't impressed. He brings up his shotgun, as though about to shoot Kev.*

LANI

Oh, will you two grow up!

*Lani grabs Arri and goes for the front door.*

*Laughing Boy, who isn't sure what is going on, swings the gun around on to Lani and Arri who have their backs to him.*

LAUGHING BOY

Where are you going? [Get down on the ground! Get down on the ground!]

*Mick runs at Laughing Boy, hitting him with his shoulder and knocking him sprawling. The mask comes off to reveal Greg. The shotgun fires into the ceiling.*

EXT. BANK #2. STREET. DAY.

[LEANNE

Go!]

*A pack of heavily armed SPG Cops runs towards the front door.*

[LEANNE

Go!

INT. BANK #2. DAY.

*Mick and Laughing Boy struggle.*

KEV

Whack him! Whack the bastard! Whack him  
in his head! Do it!]

*Mick overpowers Laughing Boy who slumps to the floor.*

*Lani stands waiting for Mick with a look of fear in her eyes  
[watches Mick drop the gun and mask].*

*Lani flings Arri towards the door by the wrist. He goes out-  
side. The SPG Boss gives them the thumbs up on his way  
into the bank. Lani and Mick look at each other, then head  
out the door trying to look inconspicuous.*

[POLICE RADIO  
(off screen)

Target secured, over.]

*Kev stays there for a moment longer among the running  
cops.*

EXT. BANK #2. STREET. DAY.

*Leanne is with Eric at a car some distance away. She notices  
Mick walking away with Lani.*

LEANNE

Hey, look.

*Leanne reaches down to her walkie talkie.*

*Eric grabs hold of her wrist.*

*Mick sees them and stops, he winces a little and waits for  
them to come over. Lani hasn't noticed and keeps walking  
after Arri who has disappeared around the corner.*

ERIC  
(to Mick)

Hey you! Get out of here!

MICK  
Eh?

ERIC  
Just go home, will you? Go home!  
*Mick nods and takes off up the street towards Lani who is waiting for him, not sure what is going on.*

LEANNE  
You're a weird one.  
*Leanne starts to laugh.*

*Mick stops and looks back in their direction, at the two cops in bad suits laughing at him. He smiles in return, then remembers Kev and looks back towards the bank. He sees Kev standing at the door.*

[LANI  
Mick!]



*Behind Kev an SPG Cop pumps his shotgun.*

*Not thinking, Kev swings around pulling his gun out.*

*The Cops, who are relaxed now, just frown, looking at Kev.  
Then they dive for whatever protection they can find.*

*Mick looks at Kev.*

VOICE  
(off screen)

Look out! He's got a gun.

*Mick turns to Lani. He is half way between the two of  
them, unsure which way to go. He looks pleadingly at Kev.*

KEV  
(shrugs)

~~Fuck it.~~

ERIC  
Put...put it down. Okay, just—just put it  
down

[VOICE  
(off screen)]

He's got a gun.

ERIC  
You don't want to do this.

SPG MAN  
(off screen)

Drop it. Drop it!]

*Mick shakes his head.*

[ERIC  
Now put it down! Put it down, son!]

KEV  
(mouths)

Fuck it.

[ERIC  
(off screen)]

Put the gun down!

VOICE  
(off screen)

Look out...he's going to shoot!]

*String music starts to swell up, the images go to slow motion. Kev gets his ecstatic look as he starts running full pelt away from the front door raises the gun.*

ERIC

Stop!

*The Police line up their rifles and revolvers, but Kev doesn't stop drop the gun.*

*There is a quiet stillness except for Kev.*

*Then two of the guns fire. The sound of the shots is sharp and shocking. The guns stop, a single pistol shot fires, then it is silent as the smoke clears.*

ERIC  
(softer)

~~For Christ's sake.~~

*Kev is on the ground, blood everywhere, eyes shut. Mick stands there staring for a while, then rushes over to Kev's twisted, bloody body. Lani watches, horrified.*



MICK

Ya mad bastard.

KEV

*(whispers)*

Hey Mick.

MICK

What?

KEV

Am I dead yet?

MICK

*(grins)*

No, not yet, mate. Not yet.

*They both laugh, Kev through the blood in his mouth.*

*Cut to black.*

# CREDITS

## CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Mick	Jeremy Sims
Kev	Ben Mendelsohn
Mum	Amanda Muggleton
Scary TV Crims	Stephen Caesar, Chris Noonan, Mark Perry, Lenny Rowe
TV Gangster Moll	Emma Tom
Laughing Boy	Andrew S. Gilbert
Bank Clerk	Michelle St. Anne
Bank Teller	Gino Balestra
Terry	Paul Gleeson
Accomplice	Paul Kennedy
Lani	Robyn Loau
Luce	Susan Prior
Man with Dog	Silvio Ofria
Betty	Susie Porter
Barmaid	Celia Ireland
Arri	Cramer Cain
Detective Eric	Graeme Blundell
Detective Leanne	Deborah Kennedy
Crime Scene Cop	Martin Blacker
Frightened Bank Tellers	Barbara Morton, Duncan Wass, Fiona Press
Koala	Paul Doyle
DSS Woman	Michelle Lee
Sergeant	Peter Browne
CES Man	Darren Gilshenan

Headlights Man	Garry Rowe
Colin	Stephen Rae
Jonah	John Polson
Kylie	Tiffany Barton
Bank Teller with a History	David Wenham
Workshop Owner	Simon Mills
Colin's Mum	Kim Hillas
Big Bloke	Richard Carter
Bank Teller	Rita Loffo

#### CREW

Director	David Caesar
Producer	Glenys Rowe
Screenplay	David Caesar
Associate Producer	Nicki Roller
Production Manager	Sue Wild
Production Co-ordinator	Vanessa Brown
Production Secretary	Jason Bath
Production Accountant	John Brousek
Production Runner	Clancy McDowell
Casting Assistant	Henrie Stride
Film School Attachments	Sandra Skiberras, Clara Vuletich
Director of Photography	Joe Pickering
Focus Puller	Adam Hammond
Clapper/Loader	James Todd
Camera Attachment	Pete Eastgate
Video Split Operator	David Eggins
Gaffer	Derek Jones
Best Boy	Ken Talbot



Key Grip	Greg Tuohy
Rigging Grip	Ian Freeman
2nd Unit Camera	Laurie Kirkwood
Sound Recordist	Liam Egan
Boom Operators	Steve Murphy, Cate Cahill
Script Supervisor	Linda Ray
1st Assistant Directors	David Lightfoot, John Titley
2nd Assistant Director	Karen Mahood
3rd Assistant Director	Andrew Taylor
Additional AD	Lenny Rowe
Production Designer	Kerith Holmes
Standby Props	Harry Zettel
Props Buyers	Richie Dehne, Nicki Gardener
Art Department Assistant	Brock Sykes
Drawings	Kim Ihnatko
Set Building	Andy Chauvel, Walter Bron
Assistant Art Department	Emma Lawes
Film School Attachment	Rachel Besser
Wardrobe Designer	Kerith Holmes
Costume Supervisor	Wendy Asher
Standby Wardrobe	Wendy Cork
Costume Buyer	Elizabeth Gill
Location Manager	'Aussie' Auslan Ismail
Makeup/Hair	Angela Conte
Makeup/Hair Assistant	Troy Follington
Stunt Co-ordinator	Rocky McDonald
Stunts	Damian Bradford, Sean Dibben, Terry Flanagan, Tony Lynch, Chris Mitchell, Greg Robinson, John Walton, Avril Wynne

Special FX	Chris Murray
Armourer	Ken Jones
Safety Report	Rob Greenough
Helicopter Pilot	Peter Franks
Unit Manager	James Hopwood
Unit Assistants/Drivers	Simon Holmes, Martin van der Meyden, Nigel Begg
Stills Photographer	Paul Blackmore
Caterer	Gypsy Kitchen
Editor	Mark Perry
Assistant Editor	Jeanine Chialvo
Editing Assistant	Matt Villa
Avid Supervisor	Jason Ballantine
Pos Conformers	Paula Lourie, Pamela Barnetta
Telecine	Damon Parry
Sound Designer	Liam Egan
FX Editor	Alicia Slusarski
Atmosphere Editor	David White
Dialogue Editor	Phil Judd
Post Sync Dialogue Engineer	John Dennison
Foley Artist/Editor	John Dennison
Foley Editor/Engineer	Craig Butters
Foley Editor	Ross Brewer
FX Assistant	Cath Walker
Music Editors	Paul Healy, Andrew Lancaster
Music Supervisor	Christine Woodruff
Dolby Stereo Consultant	Steve Murphy
Sound Mixer	Phil Judd
Avid Facilities	Frameworks
Music Editing Facilities	Supersonic Productions

Sound Mixing Facilities	Philmsound, Soundfirm
Tracklaying Facilities	Audio Loc, Counterpoint Sound, Philmsound
Post Production Supervisor	Nicki Roller
Post Production Secretary	Juliette van Heyst
Post Production Accountant	Nancy Lloyd
Neg Matchers	Chris Rowell, Jackie Gelling
Titles Designer	Anthony Battaglia
Title Imaging	Optical and Graphic Laboratory
Lab Liaison	Denise Wolfson
Grading	Arthur Cambridge
Opticals	Roger Cowland, Ken Phelan
Digital Optical Effects	Animal Logic, DFilm
Technical Advisor	Dominic Case
Film Stock	Tim Waygood, Kodak
Equipment	Bill Ross, Samuelson Film Service
Solicitors	Greg Duffy, Raena Lee-Shannon, Michael Frankel & Associates

## THE MUSIC

'Cats and Dogs', written by Tim Rogers and You Am I, MMA Music International, performed by You Am I.

'Simple Love', written by Chris Bailey, Lost Music & Mushroom Music Pty Ltd, performed by Hoss.

'Love in Motion', written by Iva Davies, EMI Music Publishing Australia Pty Ltd, performed by Snout.

'Degenerate Boy', written by Iva Davies, EMI Music Publishing Australia Pty Ltd and Mushroom Music Pty Ltd, performed by The Mark of Cain.

'Television Addict', written by David Faulkner and James Baker, EMI Music Publishing Australia Pty Ltd/Hoodoo Gurus Pty Ltd, performed by You Am I.

'Halo', written by Peter Fenton, Polygram Music Publishing, performed by Crow.

'Drop Out', written by Kim Salmon and James Baker, Polygram Music Publishing, performed by You Am I.

'Penicillin', written by Ross McLennon, Moonraker Music, performed by Snout.

'Hindsight', written by The Mark of Cain, Control, performed by The Mark of Cain.

'My Pal', written by Joel Silberscher, Polygram Music Publishing, performed by Magic Dirt.

'Winter Salsa', written by Joel Silberscher, Polygram Music Publishing, performed by Hoss.

'What a Dog Has to Do', written by Tim Rogers/You Am I, MMA Music International, performed by You Am I.

'TV Od', written by Ross McLennon, Moonraker Music, performed by Snout.

'Second Language', written by David Studdert, Polygram Music Publishing, performed by Crow.

'Bullshit Never Ends', written by Joel Silberscher, Polygram Music Publishing, performed by Hoss.

'Gasoline for Two', written by Tim Rogers and You Am I, MMA Music International, performed by You Am I.

Snout and Magic Dirt appear courtesy Au Go Go Records.

You Am I, Crow and The Mark of Cain appear courtesy of Ra Records.

Hoss appear courtesy Dogmeat Records.

'Theme from Skippy' written by Eric Jupp.

'All I Want Is You', written by Elaine and Kathryn Pitt, performed by Kathryn Pitt.

'Riding High', written by Richard L. Cammeron/Margo Smith Cammeron, Fort Wayne Music (ASCAP), performed by Kathryn Pitt.

'Barney's Stomp', written by Colin Watson, performed by  
The Zen Dogs, TAET and Bootscooters International.

'The Overlander', Traditional, arranged by Rolf Harris, EMI  
Music Publishing Australia Pty Ltd, performed by Mick  
Conway and Jeremy Cook.

'Diabolus Musica', 'Sick Minutes', 'Smut', written and per-  
formed by Foetus, courtesy of Some Bizarre Records, London.

'You Say that You Love Me' aka 'You Really Don't Care',  
written by Ian Rillen/Steve Lucas/Kathy Green, EMI Music  
Publishing Australia Pty Ltd/Mushroom Music Pty  
Ltd/Greenstone Music/Warner/Chappell Music Pty Ltd,  
performed by X.

'Robbery', 'Adios Car', 'Generic', 'Beat Him Up', written by  
David Bridie and John Phillips, Mushroom Music Pty Ltd,  
performed by David Bridie and John Phillips.

'Bagpipe', written by David Bridie and John Phillips,  
Mushroom Music Pty Ltd, performed by David Bridie,  
John Phillips and Alistair Cox.

Production Music provided by EMI Music Publishing and  
Zomba Music.

The Soundtrack Album available on Ra Records, rooArt.  
BMG Australia.

Album concept by Tim Rogers.

Album produced by Nick Launay and Tim Rogers.

Album mixed by Nick Launay and Tim Rogers.

A & R by Todd Wagstaff.

Idiot Box is available with both a DTS soundtrack or Dolby  
Stereo soundtrack.

# idiot box

THE SOUNDTRACK TO THE FILM

FEATURING NEW MUSIC FROM

YOU AM I  
THE MARK OF CAIN  
MAGIC DIRT  
SNOUT  
CROW  
HOSS





INSPIRED BY WATCHING TELEVISION,  
Mick and Kev, two suburban boys,  
decide to rob a bank.

Mick, slack, cynical and unemployed,  
masterminds the job. Kev, an accident  
waiting to happen, gets the guns.  
Meanwhile a girl called Lani offers  
Mick something he'll never get from  
the idiot box: love.

With two undercover cops closing in, a  
highly strung drug dealer not far  
behind, and a rival bank robber called  
Laughing Boy on the prowl, these two  
misfits are heading for the shock of their lives.

Caesar's screenplay, with its slangy, razor-sharp dialogue, makes for speedy,  
compelling reading. Deftly plotted, *Idiot Box* is at once hilarious and scary, so  
good it's criminal.

'*Idiot Box* is a wild ride, a fast corrosive comedy...artfully designed  
and expertly staged...the laconic, grungy humour is typically  
Australian...the cheerfully insistent four-letter dialogue defines the  
film as a trip for the tolerant, as does the interest in some of the more  
basic, rarely discussed, aspects of sex.'

David Stratton, *Variety*

DIRECTED BY DAVID CAESAR PRODUCED BY GLENYS ROWE  
A CENTRAL PARK FILMS PRODUCTION



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TEXT

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